

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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Photo: Clarence A. Purchas

Before the Frost

Reformation at One Stroke

By Strickland Gillilan

Author and Humorist

AT LAST I have attained to a *summum bonum* I had always hoped never to reach. I have one of those. And I had always said I wouldn't. I hated the things and treated them with a degree of unfaith that even the keenest mathematician could never calculate. What is it? It is a panacea—or maybe I should say a *Panacea*. I have a secret (which I herewith blurt, so as to cure it of being a secret) formula for reforming the world and starting an era of law-abidingness and good manners.

The formula is: *Let everybody have his name put on him in large letters so that it can be read 15 feet away.*

A stranger whose name may turn out to be John Smith, will, when among strangers, do rude and thoughtless and highly unintelligent things. But John Smith, among his acquaintances and recognizers, will not do those things. Answer? Let John Quintullus Smith be always among those who know him not as "that feller" but as John Quintullus Smith. Then John Q. Smith will always keep himself free from open lawlessness and discourtesy.

"A man" is sitting in a streetcar and all the seats are occupied. An old lady gets on. She falters forward, clutching from strap to strap, until she stops panting and bewildered beside the seat occupied by "a man." He reads his newspaper and shows no sign of seeing that an old lady is standing. Few if any on the car know who this man is. They look at him and say to themselves, and maybe to one another, "That's a selfish chap. He ought to be in a sty. Listen and we may hear him grunt or squeal." He is merely "a man," so "a man" doesn't care what they think of him.

But what would happen if that man had John Quintullus Smith in large letters on him? Ah hah! He would leap to his feet and give the lady a seat. He would want the people to say, "Johnny Smith was on the car I rode today. He got up and gave an old lady a seat. He is a swell guy and a gentleman."

"A guy" is driving a car. Another guy who wants to go faster than Guy No. 1, comes up behind him. The horn of the back car is sounded. "A guy" in front keeps right on, or pulls over to the left and speeds just enough to hold the other man from passing. When they get to a place where another car is approaching from the opposite direction "a guy" slows down. Soon as there is nothing coming in the opposite direction, he speeds up just enough to hold back the man behind him.

Finally the man behind gets so angry that he steps on the gas and violates nine or ten speed laws and other driving regulations to pass "the road hog" at any hazard. As he goes by, he leans out of the car window and relieves himself of a large and lurid variety of assorted

Exposition of an unusual—not to say remarkable—thesis that much personal iniquity in public can be eliminated at one fell swoop.

such and suches, to which benison he gets a response in kind with a few who-do-you-think-you-ares thrown in for good measure.

What would have happened if Guy No. 1 had had his name in letters a foot high on the back of his car? In the first place, he would either have speeded up and stayed ahead so as not to embarrass or impede the man behind him; or he would have pulled over instantly and let the man go by. He wouldn't mind having someone say, "There was a this and that in the road ahead of me today who did thus and so, may his soul rot." But he wouldn't want it said that "Guy Zenophanes Soso was in front of me today and he ought to have his permit cancelled."

LIKEWISE, if the man behind had had *his* name on his car, he wouldn't have resorted to unmannerly and abusive language as he finally whizzed by. He would not have cared if Guy had gone home and said "*some* feller" cursed him out, but he would have cared if Guy Zenophanes Soso had gone home and told that "Richard Y. Goby is certainly a skunk and has bad road manners."

Get rid of the opportunity to be anonymously nasty, and you will get rid of most of the nastiness. Human vanity is the thing involved—some call it pride, some call it self-respect. I don't care what you call it. Call it red precipitate or asafetida if you want to. It is vanity, which is by no means a bad thing. The world couldn't get along very well without it.

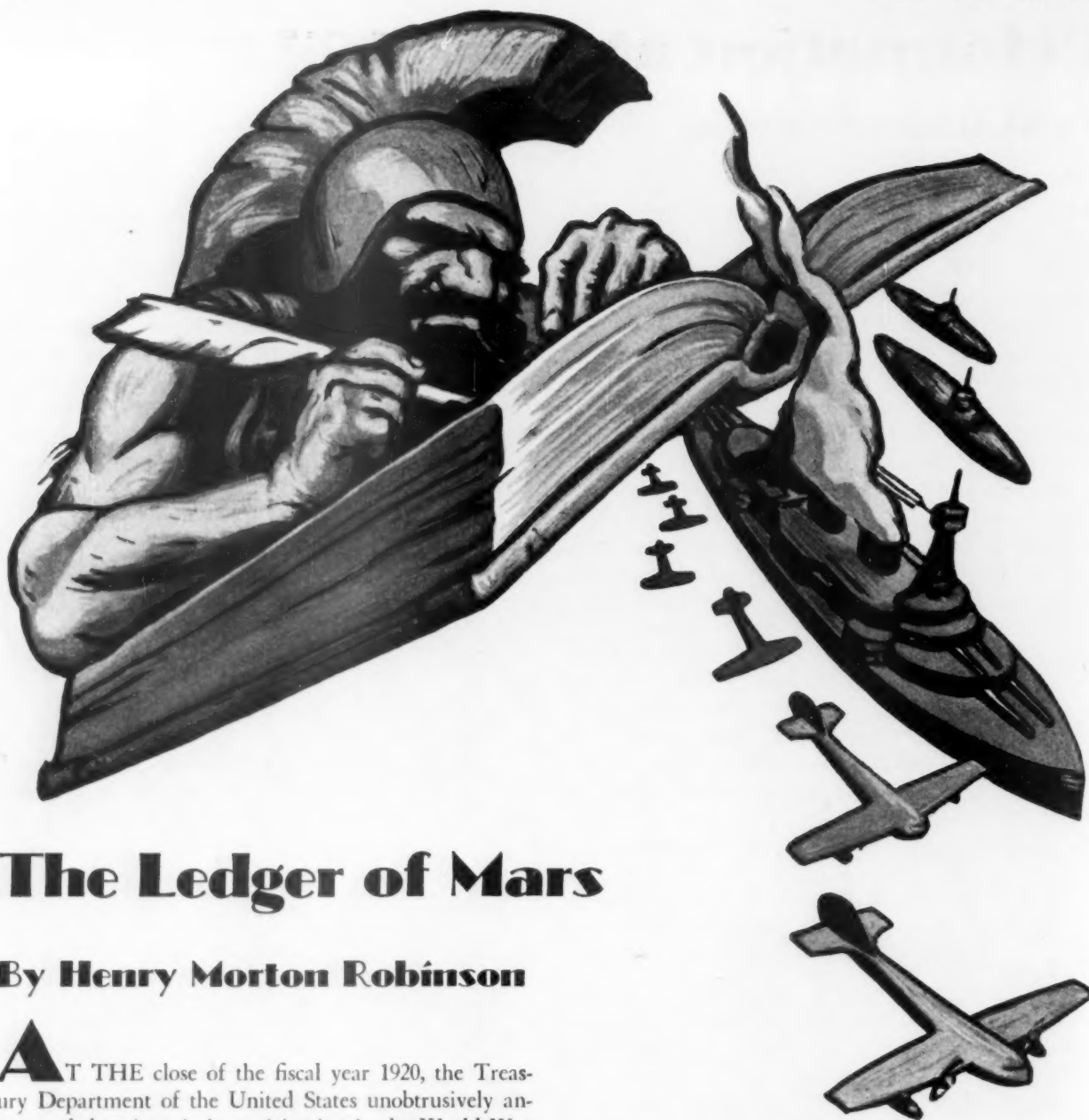
Among travellers you will find anonymous meanness and folly rampant. Being in a strange city, they feel free to be natural. They do so and so and are hissed or otherwise shown they are "in bad"; *de trop*. They write home and tell how badly they are treated.

Horse feathers! Pony plumage! Dobbin down! (That's slang—and please make the most of it!) The people everywhere who have any breeding hate only those who show signs of having none. Intelligent people everywhere dislike all fools. If one of these same people had acted at home as he acts abroad, some benevolent neighbor with the welfare of the community at heart would have led him aside and gently but firmly knocked his block off!

It is being known that makes people behave.

And I believe every citizen should be compelled by law to wear his name properly displayed on him just as if he were at Rotary weekly luncheon. I believe that when a citizen appears bearing no name he should be taken in and held until the proper label can be placed on him.

Foolish? Well, think it over anyway.



The Ledger of Mars

By Henry Morton Robinson

AT THE close of the fiscal year 1920, the Treasury Department of the United States unobtrusively announced that America's participation in the World War had cost 27 billion dollars. Staggering as the figure was, no one believed it to be the "total cost" of that great struggle to American taxpayers. And it wasn't. At the end of June 1936, the direct cash cost of the World War to the United States—not including such indirect costs as the War's share in causing the depression—was 45 billion dollars.

Next year this figure will have to be revised upward again by one billion, and in 1938 still another billion will be added. A half century from now Americans will still be paying at the rate of a billion dollars annually. By the time the last Liberty Bond is retired, the last bonus certificate cashed, the last disabled veteran buried, and the last pension paid (yes, there'll be pensions, too), the World War will have cost the citizens of the United States a total of 100 billion dollars!

Astronomical as these figures are, we Americans should be getting off cheaply if we could say: "War's final bill is paid; our lesson has been learned." But from present

What is the cost of wars? Not in human misery, but cold cash? The author answers that question by an audit of old martial accounts.

indications it seems unlikely that any such declaration ever can be made. Apparently war's bill will never be paid, its lesson never heeded. For while we grumblingly foot the expenses of past wars (last year 77 million dollars in pensions were paid to veterans of the Spanish-American War of 1898), we rush dizzily forward into heavy financial commitments for—or to avoid, if you please—new ones. These *new* commitments claim approximately 20 percent of our national income.

Stating the case in large fractions we can say that 65 percent of America's entire national income is spent in paying for old wars, 20 percent preparing for new ones,

thus leaving a tiny remnant of 15 percent to be spent on civil departments, law enforcement, education, public health, and the like. The result is that while unregulated floods and droughts menace the farms—while cancer, tuberculosis, and nutritional diseases afflict the people—while three-fourths of the rural schools still have but one room and no plumbing—we continue to cram a golden mash of two and one-half billions of dollars every year into the mouths of Mars' frothing stallions.

All of which would be a matter of slight personal concern to us, unless—as the record too painfully shows—we were obliged to pay for it. For wars, like anchovies and automobiles, must eventually be paid for, and it is a naïve illusion to believe that the defeated nation foots the bill. No, the bills of war can be paid only in two ways: by borrowing and by taxation. The productive citizen finds it hard to say which of the two methods is more irksome to contemplate: borrowing, which swells the national debt beyond the proportions of health; or taxes, which discourage industry and put soggy dampers on enterprise.

Ultimately, of course, the load descends in the form of taxes. For example: the interest of the United States national debt of 30 billions is at present the *largest single item in the Government's regular annual expenditure!* Last year, this interest charge was nearly one billion dollars, which means that the taxpaying head of the average family contributed approximately \$35 to the Federal Government for debt service alone.

If anyone doubts that war is responsible for the larger part of the national debt, let him scan the following figures: In 1916, the public debt of the United States was one and one-fourth billion; the per capita in-

terest charge on this modest indebtedness was 22 cents. Two years of war shot this debt up to 25 billion dollars—the most terrifying and spectacular skyrocketing of public obligations since governments began to keep books. Interest charges advanced to nearly \$6 a head—and have remained there ever since.

But let no American reader assume that his country is the only one who paid. The story recited above applies with monotonous veracity to every nation that has engaged in a modern war. Great Britain, for example, incurred nine-tenths of her present public debt of 40 billions during the World War by spending money at the rate of one million dollars hourly for four years. The World War increased national debts of European countries by 3,000 percent, and these debts are unquestionably the ulcerating sources of the political and financial ailments that have distracted European statesmen for the past 20 years.

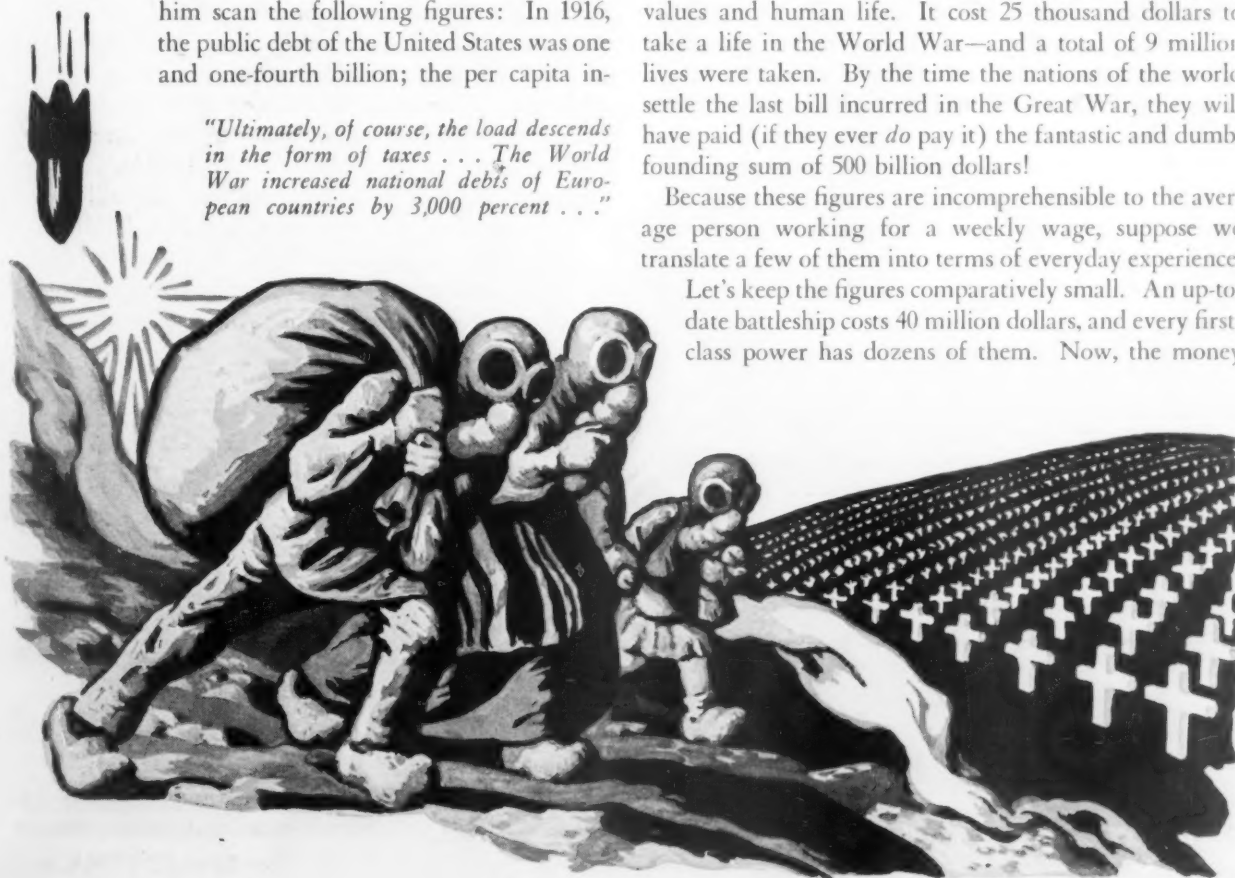
INCE upon a time a war could be fought for comparatively little money. The American Revolutionary War of 1775-1783 is estimated to have cost less than 50 million dollars; the United States Civil War, a sanguinary four-year struggle, cost the Federal Government 6 billion dollars. The Franco-German War of 1870 involved an expenditure of 2 billion dollars, including the indemnity that the victorious Germans imposed upon France.

But the days of inexpensive warmaking are gone forever; at the height of the World War, the combatant nations were spending 113 million dollars a day in cash—to make no mention of the destruction of property values and human life. It cost 25 thousand dollars to take a life in the World War—and a total of 9 million lives were taken. By the time the nations of the world settle the last bill incurred in the Great War, they will have paid (if they ever *do* pay it) the fantastic and dumbfounding sum of 500 billion dollars!

Because these figures are incomprehensible to the average person working for a weekly wage, suppose we translate a few of them into terms of everyday experience.

Let's keep the figures comparatively small. An up-to-date battleship costs 40 million dollars, and every first-class power has dozens of them. Now, the money

"Ultimately, of course, the load descends in the form of taxes . . . The World War increased national debts of European countries by 3,000 percent . . ."



spent on a single modern battleship would build 8,000 comfortable homes at \$5,000 apiece; it would endow four universities like Princeton; or establish and maintain forever five hospitals larger and finer than any now in existence. It would inoculate every child in a country as large as the United States against diphtheria, and effectually control the tide of venereal disease now rising. To put it in terms of bread-and-butter, it would keep 40,000 families comfortably fed and clothed for a year.

But the ledger of Mars permits no such happy, constructive bookkeeping; its columns are inscribed in red ink, splendidly symbolic of the double loss of blood and money.

ONE of the most persistent features of war is the long wake of veterans churned up behind it. These veterans may be a thin red line of heroes when the band begins to play, but after the conflict ceases—when legislators put pen to Mars' ledger—they draw heavily on public funds. Let us not debate the merits of the veterans' claim upon their nation's largess. Here we are reporting facts, and the facts are that every nation after every war finds that the materials of war cost less than "to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan."

Again let us cite the United States as a typical example. Next to interest charges on our national debt, the Veterans Administration usually claims the largest annual share of the taxpayer's dollar. This Bureau has already spent 17 billion dollars. Last year it expended 550 millions—and this sum does not include a single penny of bonus money, either.

The principal outlay of the Veterans Administration was for pensions and disability payments—and what an outlay, my friends! Three hundred and seventy-four million dollars went to veterans of past wars. Civil War veterans or their widows received 63 million dollars; Spanish War veterans 77 millions. Survivors of the Indian Wars, and some relicts of the Mexican War (1845) and even the War of 1812, received an aggregate of 13 million dollars. If veterans of the World War are successful in their agitation for pensions, the sums that the Government must allocate to future pension funds will

be much too enormous for our ordinary comprehension.

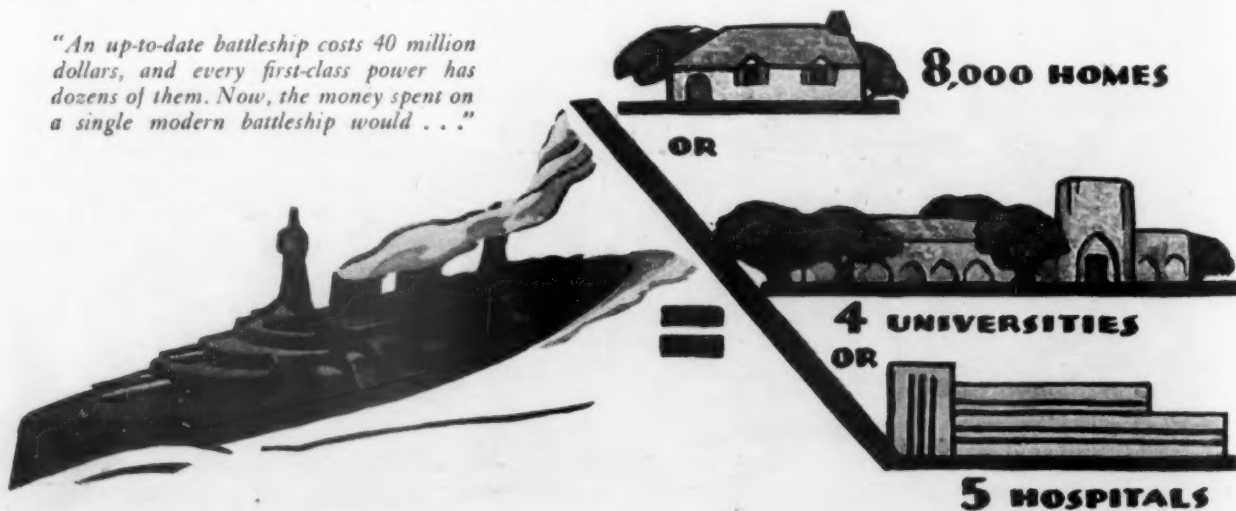
In bidding farewell to the subject of World War expenses, Americans probably should wave a special adieu to the money loaned to the Allies. Thirteen billion dollars, including principal and interest, will never be repaid! Why, we do not ask here. We but note that Uncle Sam holds "a rubber check" for 13 billion dollars—almost one-half of his present public debt.

"National defense" has a patriotic ring, and is in truth a legitimate source of governmental expense. Briefly, national defense is a necessity—a very expensive necessity. The upkeep of the United States Army and Navy fluctuates between half a billion and 750 millions a year in normal peace times, but unless we propose to slip backward in the hectic armaments race now going on, we shall soon be spending much more than that.

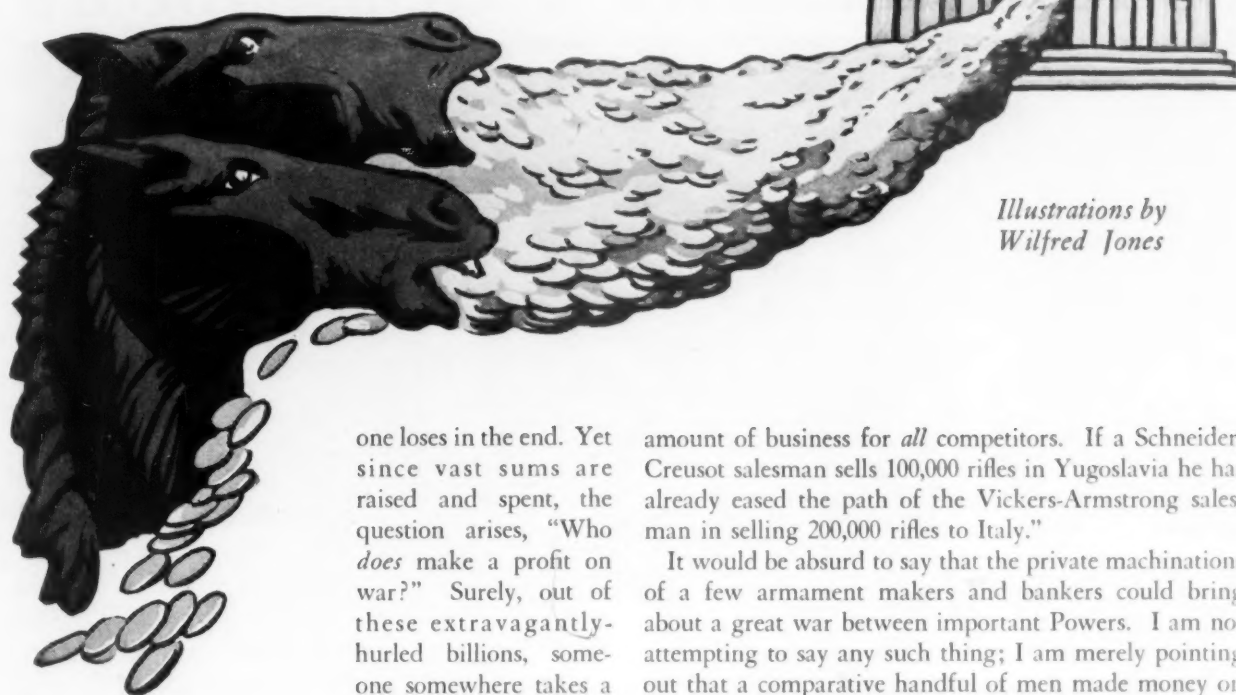
Happily we are exempted from the charges of the huge standing armies maintained by some European countries. France and Germany, for instance, find it necessary to keep half a million men under arms at all times, and to pour money into extensive fortifications along their frontiers. France has just spent 150 million dollars in the construction of a line of subterranean concrete forts along a 125-mile front between the Rhine and Luxembourg. Germany and Italy respond with magnificent outlays on aircraft, tanks, ammunition supplies. Russia supports two vast armies totalling 900,000 men, one on the European, another on her Asiatic front. Japan, determined to have naval parity with Great Britain and the United States, lays the keels of two major battleships, six cruisers, and a score of destroyers every year. In the face of such militant preparations for another war, the United States probably will feel obliged to double its appropriations for battleships and aircraft.

I believe it needs no further demonstration to prove that neither governments nor taxpayers find war a *profitable* undertaking. Disregarding the human sacrifices that must be made, passing lightly over the millions of young lives snuffed out by war, it should be an easy matter in this ledger-minded world of ours to indict war as a waster of public treasure and a ruinous financial venture to all who engage in it. All too patently, every-

"An up-to-date battleship costs 40 million dollars, and every first-class power has dozens of them. Now, the money spent on a single modern battleship would . . ."



"The result is that while unregulated floods and droughts menace the farms—while cancer, tuberculosis, and nutritional diseases afflict the people . . . we continue to cram a golden mash of two and one-half billions of dollars every year into the mouths of Mars' frothing stallions."



Illustrations by
Wilfred Jones

one loses in the end. Yet since vast sums are raised and spent, the question arises, "Who does make a profit on war?" Surely, out of these extravagantly-hurled billions, someone somewhere takes a profitable "cut."

This line of reasoning has recently led to some shrewd investigations

which have successfully exposed the super-profits accruing to a ring of international arms and ammunition makers.

To mention names, Krupp in Germany, Bofors in Sweden, Vickers in England, Skoda in Czechoslovakia, Du Pont in the United States, and Sir Basil Zaharoff all over the map—these are some of the firms and individuals who made vast sums of money out of the last war. At the end of the World War, Sir Basil Zaharoff had a personal fortune which was estimated to be in the neighborhood of a billion dollars!

Some newspaper readers may have been surprised, in July of this year, to note that France was taking steps to nationalize its munitions manufacturing interests. That move doubtless most affects the family of de Wendels—great mineowners in France and Germany—and the Schneider-Creusot Company, armament manufacturers with gun foundries scattered throughout France, and 230 armament enterprises *outside* France. Schneider-Creusot and the de Wendels supplied the French armies with firearms during the war. But their loyalties know no national boundaries; they sold arms and ammunition to anyone, friend, enemy, or neutral.

Arms-making would appear to be an eminently profitable occupation, for as the author of *Arms and the Men* * has pointed out, "the armament industry operates with one curious advantage over any other business in the world; the greater the competition, the greater the

amount of business for *all* competitors. If a Schneider-Creusot salesman sells 100,000 rifles in Yugoslavia he has already eased the path of the Vickers-Armstrong salesman in selling 200,000 rifles to Italy."

It would be absurd to say that the private machinations of a few armament makers and bankers could bring about a great war between important Powers. I am not attempting to say any such thing; I am merely pointing out that a comparative handful of men made money on the last war and will undoubtedly reap huge profits on the next one. Let us concede, however, that it would be natural for them to try to avoid legislation aimed at removing the profits of war, and to point their efforts toward the two or three years of armed conflict that pours rivers of public money into their coffers.

MEANWHILE the national debt rises, the taxpayer groans under the burden of new levies, the old war bills come in regularly and the new ones get larger all the time. For as anyone can see, Mars is opening up a new ledger with columns wide enough to accommodate the paralyzing big figures that must be entered in the new war books. These figures will make the piffling sums spent in the last war look like a picnic club's August report. The World War bill will be mere "cookoo money" in comparison to the expenses of the next war.

It doesn't make sense, does it?

Dispassionately, now, and merely as a cash-register proposition, can anyone deny that war is the most futile, expensive, and fantastically unproductive enterprise that ever engaged the energies of men? And can anyone, calmly surveying the twisted wreckage of the fiscal systems of the world, dare hope that they would survive the shock, strain, and aftermath of another armed explosion?

But *this* would make sense, common sense: businessmen of the world—who stand to lose, not gain, from war—crystallizing in their thinking and actions a *will* to ease tensions that threaten peace and to promote the goodwill that bubbles through the soil of intelligent understanding of neighbors across national frontiers.

* Published in *Fortune* magazine, March, 1935.

College Athletics Overemphasized?

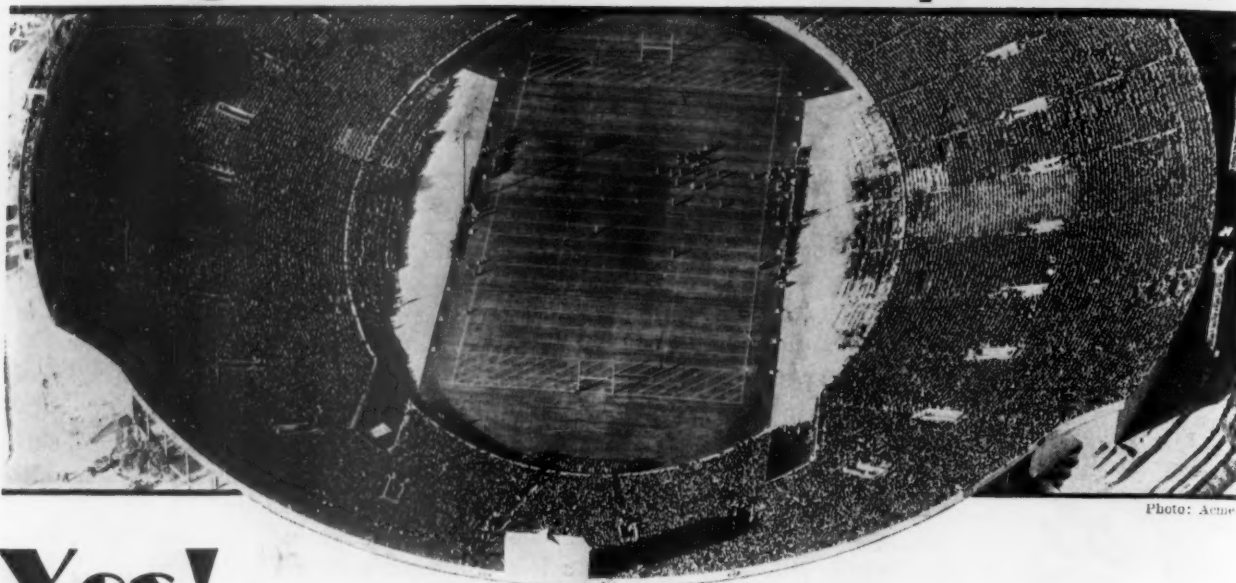


Photo: Acme

Yes!

Says Warren Piper

Businessman; Founder, Interfraternity Club of Chicago

FOR NEARLY 40 years I've been an F.F.F.—a Frantic Football Fan. During all that time the same old football problems come back to the sport page every season to be “cussed” and discussed, but never settled. Overemphasis, death and injury, professionalism, new rules, eligibility, gambling, proselyting, faculty antagonism, and the All-American myth each takes its turn in regular rotation. Except for the annual change of names, the news and the problems change very little from year to year.

But football itself has changed plenty. It used to be a college game, but now it is a business.

When I was a small boy my father, who had played at Michigan, used to take me to see his team play at Chicago. One thousand spectators was considered a huge turnout then, and hardly a person was present who was not an alumnus. Those were the days when we waved pennants on sticks to express excitement. The general public looked upon football with much suspicion as a form of collegiate insanity, and left it severely alone. Ten years later when I was at college, we thought it wonderful when 5,000 people turned out for a game, and when 10,000 appeared it was considered a miracle.

Time marches on! A few weeks ago, I was one of 76,000 people who watched the college All-Stars outplay the Detroit Lions at Soldier's Field, Chicago. If rain had not caused a postponement from the previous night, the total attendance would probably have exceeded 100,000 persons. As it was, the gate receipts amounted to more than \$141,000,

Presenting two viewpoints on a problem that is hotly discussed on many an American university and college campus every Fall.

and I doubt very much if more than 10 percent of the spectators had ever attended any college or university.

Therein lies the great change in football. Formerly the game was played by college teams, viewed by student and alumni bodies of the two schools concerned, with very little interest from the general public. Now the game is played for the public. Football used to be a college game. Now football is a public spectacle, commercialized to a point where it is rapidly becoming a large industry. Colleges and universities have gone into the show business, and the public is “eating it up.”

Some idea of the tremendous interest which the general public now takes in football may be gained from the fact that over eight million persons voted in the contest this Summer to elect the coaches and players of the All-Star game which the *Chicago Tribune* promoted for charity. Football games in 1935 drew 12 percent more attendance than in 1934 and equalled the previous top of 1929, according to *Time*. Football admissions for 1935 were estimated at \$40,000,000, according to the *Index* of The New York Trust Company for July, 1936. In case those zeros confuse you, permit me to spell them out in letters: F-o-r-t-y million dollars, my boy; and that for an eight-week season is quite a business. What a business!

Out of those 40 millions there is some expense to be deducted, for winning coaches cost real money. Overhead

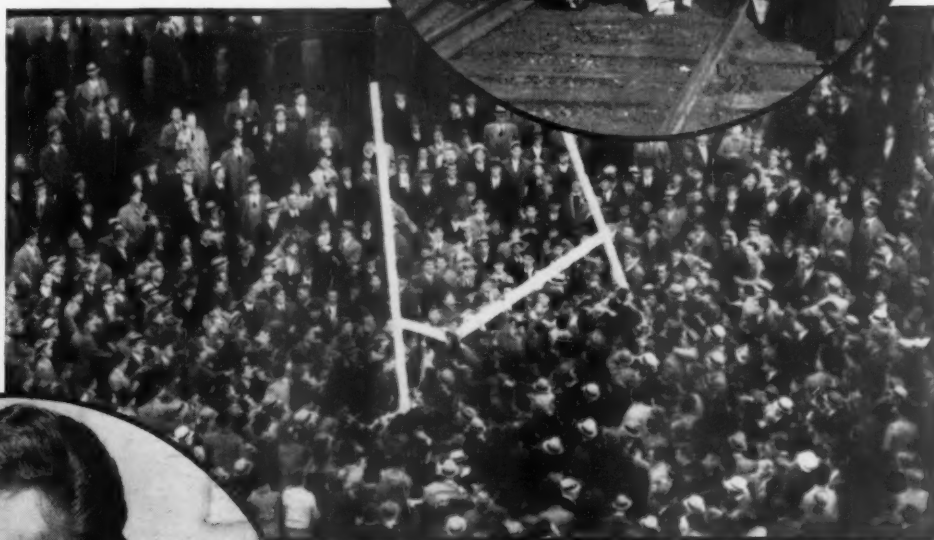
also includes officials, trainers, transportation, and ticket distribution. So the "take" is not all "velvet," but the percentage of net profit is exceedingly high, because, unlike any other show on earth which plays to big gates, the principal actors in the drama, the players themselves, are supposed to get nothing, and at the most get very little. For proof of the tremendous profit in college football, look at the stadia that have sprung up across the country in the past few years. It is the exceptional college town that cannot boast of a stadium today; and the stadia were certainly not designed for the accommodation of the students and alumni. They were built for the general public.

Mind you, I do not resent the pleasant fact that our colleges are now playing football for substantial profits; in fact I think it is great. There is considerable reason to believe they fail to educate a large percentage of students upon whom they confer degrees, so if they can make a success of show business they have not existed in vain. Nor am I unmindful that some of the profit made from football is used to support other sports that do not get similar attendance from the general public. The point I make is that college football is no longer a college game, and is now a business. If it is a business it should be considered frankly as such and placed on a business basis for players as well as coaches. This would settle, once and for all, the absurd hypocrisy and pretense of pure altruism in a game that is primarily a battle for gate receipts and publicity.

I say football is not a

college game because less than 2 percent of the eligible students are sufficiently interested in playing the game to even try out for the team. Bridge, golf, ping pong, poker, and crap-shooting are more truly college games than football, because more students actually participate in them. In the Big Ten Conference colleges there are approximately 60,000 men students. Check off 33 1/3 percent to eliminate freshmen and graduate students, and 40,000 men remain who are eligible for football competition. If 25 percent were interested in playing football we would admit it is a college sport, or if even 10 percent tried to participate we would consider the claim. But when less

Right: a football squad on a transcontinental trek to play in a great intersectional game, such as pictured on the opposite page. Below: a goal-post episode at Harvard . . . and (in circle) a gridiron hero making a line-smash on his studies at examination time.



Photos: Chicago Herald & Examiner; International News; H. Armstrong Roberts



than 2 percent even try out for the team, we fail to see where it is any longer a college game.

The figures in the Big Ten this season are as follows: Illinois 80, Minnesota 70, Purdue 65, Ohio State 63, Indiana 60, Iowa 60, Northwestern 58, Michigan 53, Wisconsin 46, Chicago 35. Total 590, who tried out. And the pity of it is that among the 39,000 who did not apply as candidates there are Willie Hestons, Walter Eckersalls, Red Granges, and Jay Berwangers who will never be discovered, developed, or promoted into building up that 40 million-dollar gate from the general public.

With that kind of money at [Continued on page 56]

"Overemphasis—or, as I should prefer to say, emphasis—has produced a healthier nation . . ."

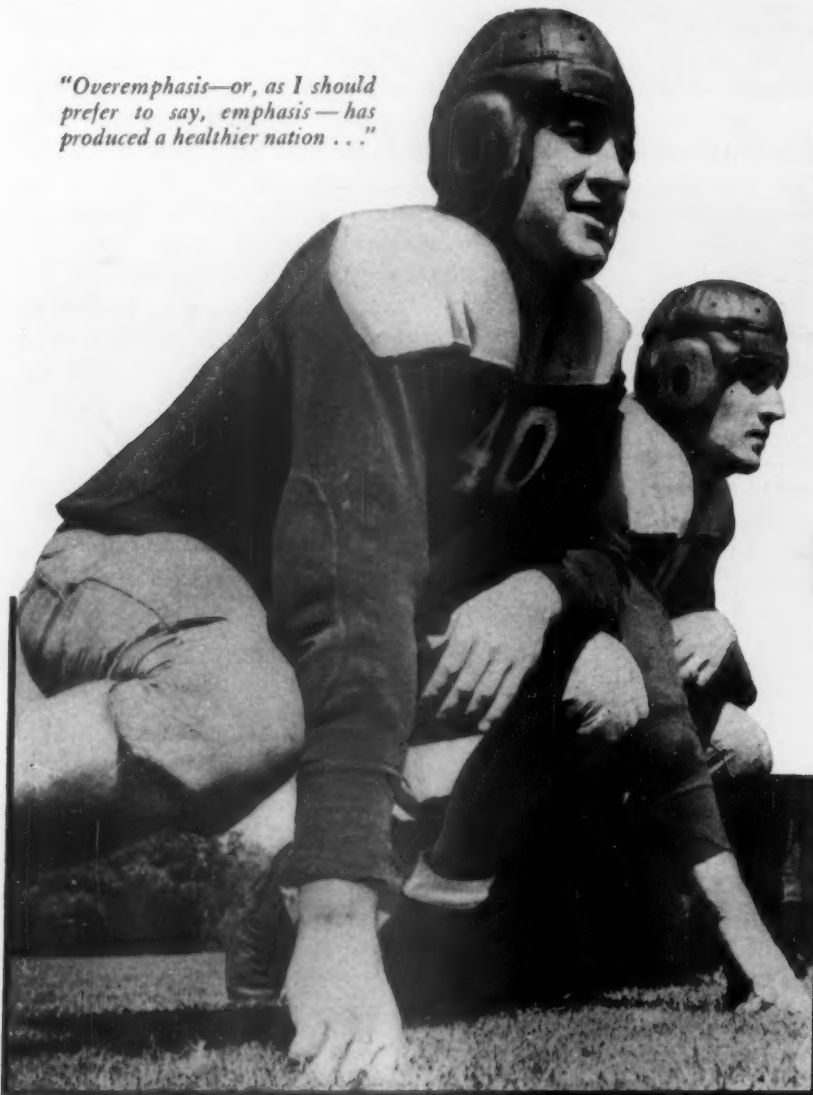


Photo: International News

College Athletics Over-Emphasized?

No!

**Says
Elmer Layden**

*Director of Athletics,
University of Notre Dame*

THESE United States are dotted with cities and towns containing millions of boys. About 98 out of every 100 of these boys would like to be able to carry a football like Red Grange or Jay Berwanger, whip a tennis ball like Bill Tilden, or drive a homer out of the baseball park like Babe Ruth. The 99th may have some highly publicized hoodlum or gangster as his ideal, and the 100th may be a bookworm.

Few of the 98 really believe that they have a chance to be the Red Granges or the Jay Berwangers, the Bill Tildens or the Babe Ruths of some future day. But that does not deter them from making the best possible showing in competitive sports.

And no matter how learned or statistical this or any other discussion of athletics may become, one should not overlook the significance of a very simple fact: that athletics are rooted in the inborn desire of almost every boy to send his legs thumping down the field ahead of some-





Photo: Acme

"It's a grand old sport that brings out and develops a man's stamina, courage, and intelligence. . . . It's a game which develops self-reliance, fairness, and the competitive spirit, if a boy has the basic strength of character. . . ."

body else's. This impulse is fostered, organized, directed—and thus we have grade-school, high-school, college, and professional athletics. They are all shoots from the main stem, which is something wholesome and sound.

Now, athletics, like every other good thing, can be improved by systematic attention and direction. The ancient Greeks knew that, and we have gone back to them for the idea of our modern Olympic competitions. Coaches are men who give specialized attention to athletics, just as doctors give specialized attention to the problems of health. Writers "popularize" medical knowledge, and similarly, sports writers on large and small newspapers help to popularize athletics of all forms.

But it was education, itself, that created the pattern for organized athletics—and for good reason. "The team system as an instrument of education," the famous Carnegie report of 1924 stated, "utilizes the gregarious instinct which begins to awaken in children round about the age of ten, and, as adolescence supervenes, develops for good or ill into one of the chief springs of conduct and character. The development of this instinct, no less than that of the competitive instinct which has equally deep roots in human nature, is of importance far too great to be left to chance. To regulate these instincts in the interest of wider ends, and to turn them into channels fruitful both to the individual and the community, must be one of those fundamental aims of education on which it is hardly necessary to enlarge."

So we have organized athletics which often bring together 50, 75, even 100 thousand people to witness a much-talked-about game. In other words, the very thing which has created that about which the alarmists

shout is the very thing that has enabled us to reap the benefits of athletics, namely, so-called "overemphasis." And you can't escape this fact: overemphasis—or, as I should prefer to say, *emphasis*—has produced a healthier nation, a younger-minded nation.

THERE is no use in turning one's blind spot toward all criticism. In the years I have been associated with sports I could not fail to know that athletics has its abuses, just as has every other good thing. Sports promote gambling, it is charged. But the fault is not with athletics, as such, but with human nature. One can bet about anything in which there is an uncertain element, from horse racing to the weather. But let's not turn our shafts on what is betted *about*, but rather on the custom of betting. The cure is teaching people not to bet—which is a problem of morals rather than of athletics.

Then there's the "professionalism" charge to consider. Here, again, let's not overemphasize. Let's keep a balanced view. For every college player who can be cited as being sent through college because of his prowess in sports I can cite many, many thousands of boys who are working earnestly to build up their bodies, and to emulate fine athletes like Jay Berwanger of Chicago, Bill Shakespeare of Notre Dame, Bobby Grayson of Stanford, or some other football hero nearer to them.

For every university which uses its athletic teams merely as an advertisement, I can cite thousands of schools where intramural and even grade-school athletics are organized and directed by men who have been carefully trained under such fine coaches as Zuppke, Huff of Illinois, Notre Dame's late (Continued on page 58)



Poverty Doesn't Frighten Me

By Charles M. Sheldon

Clergyman, Author of *In His Steps*

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

WASN'T it O. Henry who made one of his characters say: "I could lick the man who invented poverty"? We have all felt that way. I confess that I have.

Often I have been uncomfortable and sometimes embarrassed, perhaps annoyed, by poverty. But as for being afraid because I have not things that money can buy or being terrified that some day I might find myself going over the hill to the County Home, I truthfully can say I have no fear, for reasons that seem to be based on common sense and on experience.

For more than a half century, I have been in the ministry. Frequently I have lacked money needed even to buy the books so necessary as tools of my trade. If the dictionary's definition of poverty as "deficiency in what constitutes richness" be accepted, I have known poverty throughout the most of my life.

The only thing I sometimes fear is the possibility of being dependent in my old age or disability upon friends or relatives. Yet I don't know that such a possibility is any more to be dreaded than dying rich and leaving a fortune to be fought over by my heirs.

But I have lived happily and richly. I doubt if a trunkful of government bonds could have given me a like amount of thrills—and, well, downright fun. I have noticed, too, that the happiest folks always are those who are not dependent on *things* for their happiness.

My father before me also was a minister; his salary was never more than \$1,500 a year. Yet our family was a happy one. Mother was never shabbily dressed. My brothers and sisters and I were helped through high school. Yet I have heard men say that ministers are poor businessmen!

My home training naturally prejudiced me against borrowing money. During university days, I often was hard pressed for funds—a fact which spurred me on to experiences that best can be described as adventure. One Winter, when no jobs were available, I wrote a bushel-basketful of short articles, anecdotal and personal, and sent them to the old *Youth's Companion* in Boston. Mr. Ford, the editor, accepted 75 of them at \$2 or \$3 apiece. He never knew how those little yellow slips often arrived in just the nick of time to pay my board bill and enabled me to close the term in financial equilibrium—no liabilities and no assets.

"The exquisite joy of viewing with wondering awe Nature's moods of storm and calm..."

The next Summer I smiled at poverty—and at luxury—for a month as a waiter in a fash-

There is a wide disparity, says the author, between desires and needs of men. Merely possessing things doesn't insure happiness.

ionable hotel in the White Mountains, and for two months was busy "slinging clams" at a resort down Narragansett Bay. The hotel paid me \$12 and board, and at the resort I got 50 cents a day—and no tips. Although I emerged from that Summer without money to pay for a new suit of clothes, I don't recall any fear of the future on that account.

So it went throughout my college career. I tutored boys through the academy; blacked boots Saturday nights for the more dressy professors; massaged a hypochondriac—at 50 cents an hour; pumped the organ in church Sundays; bought food for the boarding house one Winter to pay for my own; swept out the school building twice a week; replaced broken glass in the dormitories; dug water-main ditches in town one Summer when labor was scarce; taught night school after college work for a dollar a night; helped set out trees and shrubbery in a village cemetery; milked cows for a man with whom I boarded one term, and helped wash the dishes in the evening; cut down timber and hauled wood to town in Winter vacation; stacked grain for a farmer one harvest between school terms; and acted as an emergency nurse in an epidemic of smallpox which shortened my school term and made folks afraid of me when I came back to civilization.

WHEN I was finally graduated from the Theological Seminary, there was no loud call from a big church asking me to fill its pulpit. So, while I was waiting for a call from some small country parish, I borrowed \$200 from a friend and went to England to study economic conditions. I was so interested in what I saw and studied that one morning I awoke in my attic bedroom in a dingy house on Norfolk Street, off the Strand, to find that I did not have enough money left to get me back home.

To think things over, I walked the streets from St. Paul's to Westminster Abbey as far as Chelsea. On my way back to my room I noticed an advertisement on a penny sheet offering a prize for a story. I bought a copy of the paper, read the conditions and sent in the story. It seems after all these years like a fairy tale to me, but the money my story won took me to New York, where I landed without enough left to buy a ticket home to Salem, Massachusetts. I pawned my watch to buy the ticket and I have never since redeemed that watch.

My boyhood on the Dakota homestead had been so often destitute of things, that not even during that walk out to Chelsea did I experience any feeling fear of dread

over the absence of money. All I felt was a questioning in my mind as to the best way out. If the story had not brought me my passage home, I would probably have gone down on the London Docks and taken a job as a deck hand.

Nor were my financial troubles over when I assumed pastorship of a small church. Simultaneously with my wife's requiring sanitarium care, I received word that a relative was in dire need. Having only my very meager salary, which was barely enough to meet current expenses, I was forced to ask for a loan sufficient to cover the immediate needs of my relative. I shall always be grateful to the village banker who made me this loan on my unsecured note, though he did charge me 8 percent interest. I secured a job incognito in a laundry, in a neighboring town, as night mangle operator, and earned in six months enough to pay off the loan.

So much for personal experiences. They have a place here only to establish me in the mind of readers as one who in telling of a "deficiency in what constitutes richness" knows whereof he speaks. An expert in poverty, so to speak. And when I say that riches are not an essential to wealth, I would like to be believed.

All of us know people who don't accept that. Some of them have been uncomfortably genteel in their poverty, getting through life by a route of dependence or through a narrow choice of occupations. They would rather work for small wages, which keep them below the level of wholesome poverty, because they think it is humiliating to work with their hands in homes or in factories or on farms. Such folk miss an important truth. It is that no work is common or menial if it gives one a chance to face up to the ogre of poverty—as defined—with a smile.

The dread of lacking things hits most of us, who lack them, most severely when it strikes those we love and who are dependent on us. Perhaps it is true that this fear does lead a considerable number of people, especially young married people, into habits that lead to foolish extravagance and even to crime. The stock plot of many a story or play revolves around the young husband who to satisfy the longings of his wife for display or luxury robs the bank or indulges in desperate games of chance at the card table and loses the family savings. But the actual number of such cases in real life may well be discounted.

It is a constant source of wonder to me that these same people do not seem to understand the joy of getting along with few things. You will hear old men who are rich often hark back to the times when they began married life on a meager salary plus wedded bliss, and the adventures in poverty that the young man and his bride had were more enjoyable than all the luxury that after wealth ever brought them.

I am not arguing for a general condition of poverty for the human race, but I do think the human race everlastingly needs to be reminded that the lack of things is not in itself a curse.

Over the hearts of millions of earth's peoples at this very moment hangs fear of poverty, a dread spectre. This fear leads to crime, to greed, to unhappiness, to despair. The dread of not having things for the body and the mind robs men and women of some of the deepest joys of life. I have never found that the fear of poverty ever dispelled it. Why be afraid of something that cannot harm more than it already has, no matter how we feel about it? While the dread of anything we think is evil

does not help us in the least to escape it? It is wasting time and heart energy to throw them away over a habit that brings no results except more fear.

The millions who fear poverty have never felt the supreme joy of the wealth of two wonderful possessions which money has never been able to buy. They are:

Friendships. Money cannot buy them. Poverty cannot drive them away. In the entire history of mankind there has never been an instance where money or things purchased a real friend. Real friendship is a thing that lies outside of either poverty or riches. The gift or loan of money from a rich man to a poor man may create a feeling of gratitude or relief, but to the gift must be added a personal affection that is as sep-



"Over the hearts of millions . . . hangs fear of poverty."

arate from the money or things, as the love of a man for his child is separate from the child's clothing which the father has given him.

The joys of human friendship are so great that I wonder every day at the failure of people to acquire them. The making of money is a pitiful little task by the side of making friends. The poorest man on earth can do that and enjoy a wealth that ought to drive away fear. I think the most holy friendship I have ever known was a friendship between two old, poor men. It shone like a star in a black night. It took the sting out of poverty and redeemed what seemed like earthly failure. It is one of the tragedies of human history that the millions who are afraid of poverty have never enjoyed the riches of friendship.

Next to the riches of friendship to rob poverty of its terror is the wealth that anyone can acquire in the wonderful world into which we are all born.

The exquisite joy of viewing with wondering awe Nature's moods of storm and calm, of looking at stars and sunsets, the delight of beholding the daily miracle of space and a thousand other unbought wonders in earth and sky and sea are all mine. No rich man can get a monopoly on them and no want of things can deprive me of them.

There is no law to prevent me from walking into the world's finest jewelry store and enjoying the sight of the jewels and works of art. I can look at those diamonds without being obliged to lock them up in my safe every night. And when it comes to flowers, it has been one of my pleasures at times to go into the florist's and revel in the glory of his display of riotous color and inhale the perfume of his \$10-a-dozen Pere Goriot roses without parting with the \$10.

Have you never felt as you passed the florist's open door or looked into his window that somehow a part of that expensive display belonged to you? Not even the uncomfortably rich can prevent the aroma of their gardens from floating over the glass-topped wall and down into the dusty street where most of us have to go. I have never felt guilty for smelling the flowers of the better-to-do folks, and I don't have to hire an expensive gardener to take care of them for me.

When I come into New York from Albany, down past the noble Hudson with its wondrous panorama of hill and mountain and valley and palisade, of shifting color, I cannot help wondering why one woman across the aisle spends three hours on a crossword puzzle, and another plays solitaire, and neither ever looks out of the car window to enjoy a part of the divine art which all the galleries of the rich never can contain.

And there are thrills for us at home. Bits of beauty and truth surround us, fairly bursting for recognition by an eye that has overcome the habit of taking things for granted. Have ever you really *tasted* food? Bread, meat, potatoes have riches of flavor most of us do not know because we do not taste as we eat. We gulp our orange juice, never thinking to hold it for an instant to the light to catch the glint of its imprisoned sunshine. One man



"I noticed an advertisement on a penny sheet offering a prize for a story. I bought a copy of the paper . . ."

can be miserable riding a streetcar; another will *feel* its rhythmic pulse and find a certain pleasure in it.

What fools we folks are—those of us who have a deficiency of wealth—when we refuse to enrich ourselves from a universe that offers us riches that cannot be bought. Every day should be a day of thanksgiving for the multitude of things in this world that belong to us all.

Let no one suppose I am one of those who would rationalize his way out of unpleasantness. Unjust and unfair economic conditions should be remedied. The fear of destitution—which goes beyond poverty—clouds millions of lives, and it must be dispelled. We shall continue to work toward that end.

But meanwhile, for the mass of mankind deprived in great measure of the things that riches can buy, the great task is to shake off fear—that Old Man of the Sea that burdens us and makes life hardly worth while.



Symbol of Amana is this hay barn. Once communal, it now fits into the capitalistic organization of the community.

Prophecy at Amana

By Arthur H. Carhart

COMMUNISM always will fail."

"Why?"

"Human nature."

The scholarly man across the desk who had answered my question so emphatically, mused a moment, then continued.

"Russia's communism will last only so long as there are leaders that will stir them to high fervor and sacrifice," he said, not as one arguing, but as one who could peer ahead and see a certainty. "But those leaders will vanish; and human nature will crop up. Human nature inevitably will defeat communism."

This man was no theorist. He had been born into and had grown up in communistic life. He was a leader among his people under the communistic regime; and he was among the new pioneers who junked communism and turned, hopefully and confidently, to a distinctly capitalistic device, a corporation, to save them from smash.

It is strange that with all the furor concerning communism the world has overlooked Amana, the most successful adventure in communism of record. Probably this has happened because the staunch, home-loving people of the Amana community have gone about their own business, not trying to force their convictions and mode of life on others, and asking in return that no one try to impose other doctrines and modes of living on them.

The fact is, that at Amana, Iowa, 22 miles southwest

Will communism ever take root in soil where free enterprise thrives? Does this century-old experiment provide the answer?

of Cedar Rapids, in North America's ultraconservative Corn Belt, the most thoroughgoing experiment in communism has been carried out, under almost ideal conditions, to a significant conclusion.

Amana's communism was something far more dynamic than a social and economic order. It was that, backed by a powerful religious force, something more powerful than allegiance to a political creed. This probably marks the difference between this community and many others contemporary with Amana's founding, that had only social and economic ideals to hold them together. Generally these latter sprouted, grew fabulously, failed tremendously, while Amana, with the greater motivating power, persisted, and carried the adventure in communism to a final summation.

It is important to know of this dynamic underlying power in Amana. No social unit can hope to have any higher, more virile force to bind it together in social experimentation. If communism failed with such power as motivated Amana, there is little hope for communism inspired by any less zeal.

The movement that produced Amana started in Germany in 1714 when Gruber and Rock founded a church known as the Inspirationists. In 1842, under the leadership of an inspired man, Christian Metz, a band of these people came to the New World, seeking religious free-

dom, as the Quakers and Pilgrims had done before. Their first settlement was at Ebenezer, New York, but in 1854 they bought a solid block of land on the Iowa River, Amana was founded, and as rapidly as feasible, all moved to the new colony. Communistic living had been tried in Europe before these folk came to America; it had been the system at Ebenezer. Thus, when they came to found Amana, they had a wealth of experience on which to shape policies and plans. Two hundred years of tradition lie back of these people. Seven generations have lived in communism at Amana. No one can contend that they have not given communism full trial.

TO understand how radically these people shifted from communistic living, and yet how shrewdly they salvaged the best of the old to combine with the new, one must get at least a sketchy picture of the colony under the old regime, and see why and how it turned to the capitalistic corporation to save the community and its people.

It was in 1916 that I first saw Amana. In the midst of 26,000 acres of finest farmland are seven villages that reek with Old World atmosphere. The big, rambling houses string along one principal street and several spur streets. They house some 1,800 people. These homes are of brown sandstone from quarries near by, or of brick burned from native clay, or they are weathered lumber sawn from near-by forests. Amana truly built up from the good soil. Conservation and rational use of resources have been practiced from the first.

Today there are forests planted by first settlers that are saw-timber size; and there are some of those original hardwood forests that were in existence when Amana was founded that have been kept at growing timber by good forestry practices. Amana has carried on for seven generations many of the land-use policies found in "new" agricultural programs. Marginal lands were kept in

forests; distinctly tillable lands were put under a diversified cropping system. Here, on a fair-sized scale, is a thoroughly demonstrated example of a sane and balanced land-use program.

The seven villages of Amana are delightful. Everywhere are flowers, or little patches of neatly-groomed vegetables, fruit trees, small fruits, and on the houses are trellises covered with grapevines. A decade or so ago, the garden city idea was brought forth as a new departure in community buildings. For years Amana's villages have been examples of workers' homes set amid flowers and fruit.

At one end of the village are woolen mills, the flour mill, and other heavy industry. Off to one side are the great communal hay barns, dairy barns, and machinery sheds. Lighter industries, such as the bakery, the shoemaker's and the watchmaker's shops, are scattered through the village, often being built in a wing of the great old



Photos: Young-Phelps

"A quiet efficiency is characteristic of this loomworker, whose experience dates from an early period at Amana."

Handmade shoes may still be bought in Amana. In a surprising number of ways, the Amana villages are self-sufficient. Not only shoemakers but also blacksmiths and harnessmakers recall the days of a handcraft economy."





Amana is a painters' paradise. This canal, flanked by the century-old houses, suggests a New England setting in rustic beauty and charm.

Sturdy burghers from Germany founded this communistic colony, and brought with them the art of wool weaving. A new generation has discarded communism, but flannels and blankets are still being made in the well-equipped brick mills, built many years ago, one of which is shown below.

houses. The general store is central, and the church and school are at the opposite end of the village from the mills. Here is big-city zoning functioning in villages of a few hundred inhabitants.

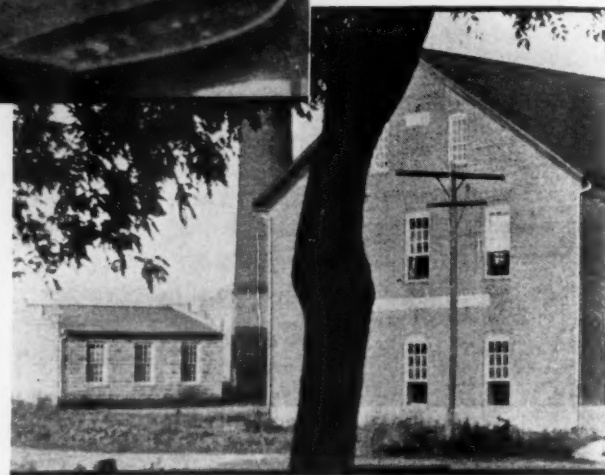
That first day I saw Amana there was laughter, and some song, where women worked in gardens. Men worked in the fields, and their voices, as they called to each other, were happy. Other men worked at the mills; and there we met Mr. Heinz. He was engineer on the dredge that kept open the canal from the lotus-filled lake to the millwheel. Dredging was his job—but his pastime was spherical trigonometry. One had time for such hobbies in Amana.

Work was allotted; each person was assigned the job for which he or she was best suited. At graduation from school, each youngster wrote an essay, usually telling what he aspired to be. Generally the opportunity was offered to follow that natural inclination.

The community gave its own the best available education. Its physicians received degrees from the best American and Old World universities. School teachers were university trained. Young men who wished to enter the business side of the community went to business schools. And the mechanics were given splendid training in their own shops. Men who worked at the woolen mills were so able they invented equipment revolutionary in the weaving business; nor did they patent it. After all, it was invented primarily for the good of the community—let others have it if they wished.

THROUGHOUT, it has been the policy of Amana to keep abreast or ahead of the stream of the world in mechanical equipment. It has been a tenet that the individual with a special gift should receive the best of training so that he might better serve in the community.

There was no money in the community. None was



needed. Each person was given an allotment at the store for food and clothes. The food was rationed through community kitchens. The best cooks were assigned to the task of preparing meals for the group. Generally a dozen to forty people ate at each community kitchen. Here was a daily meeting place through which activities were organized; and here they held their daily prayer meetings before they turned to tasks.

Amana in 1916 appeared to be the happiest, most comfortable community I ever saw. It rocked along at an even tempo. Faces were smiling, and those lines that deepen under the lash of worry were almost totally absent. No poverty, no hardship, no wolf-pack snarling, so common in our more-or-less civilized commercial and industrial communities. But even with this appearance of well-being, the disintegrating forces were at work.

I visited the community for a short time again in 1925. It still seemed a haven for rational living in a hectic world. But on this visit, there were touches of unrest that forecast the change.

A few months ago, after what has been termed "The Great Change," I went back, and in friendly talk, all too brief, but brilliantly illuminating, I met some of the same men, leaders, I had talked with first in 1916. From

them, and from records they cited, I learned of Amana's rebirth.

Communitistic Amana died, and has been buried. Today's Amana is a business corporation; a capitalistic structure, adopted by the community to salvage themselves from communism that was going thoroughly smash.

Human nature was the force that leaders say inevitably will down communism, anywhere, anytime. The inherent streak of laziness that is in all of us, and the equally inherent acquisitiveness, are human traits on which absolute communism founders.

Under the old order everyone shared equally; in work,

strated successfully for years. It is even more successfully demonstrated under the new system.

Theoretically and actually, Amana had enough hands to take care of labor demands. But this canker of slack-erism that took hold of some and contaminated others brought a situation where the community was forced to hire 200 men from outside to till the fields, additional men to operate the factory—hired help taking the places of those who were riding on the backs of workers who continued to give, conscientiously, of their best.

The spirit that took hold here is best illustrated by the reply of one of the younger people when I asked why they had quit the comforts of communism.

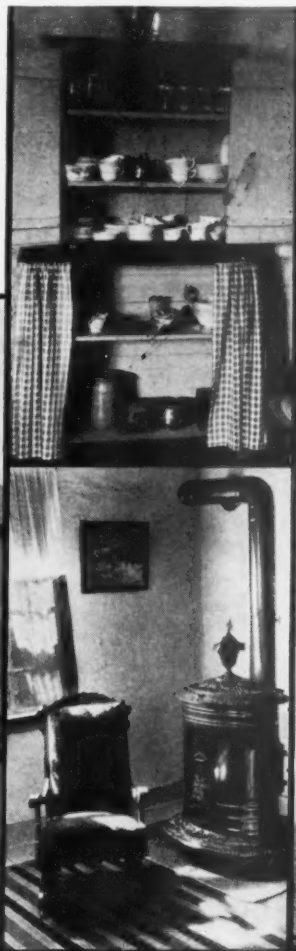
"Do you think I was going to see my old father and mother laboring from daylight to dark so others could take it easy? I should say not! Now my folks get rewarded for work they do—and these others have to work for what they get, just like the rest of us."

So, you see, there also was a deep-rooted demand for fair play involved on one side as well as inherent human traits on the other.

A deficit of half a million dollars had been accumulated before the final decision to junk communism and introduce a system that would offer the incentive of private gain. With bankruptcy staring them in the face, the hard-headed leaders tackled the problem of Amana. There was no "messaging around" with visionary social theories. There was a forthright facing of the verities. And the result was a modern American corporation, with a board of directors, a business man- (Continued on page 60)



Like a visit to some Old-World villager's home is a call to a typical Amana home. . . . Hearth-baked Amana bread is noted for its richness and fine flavor.

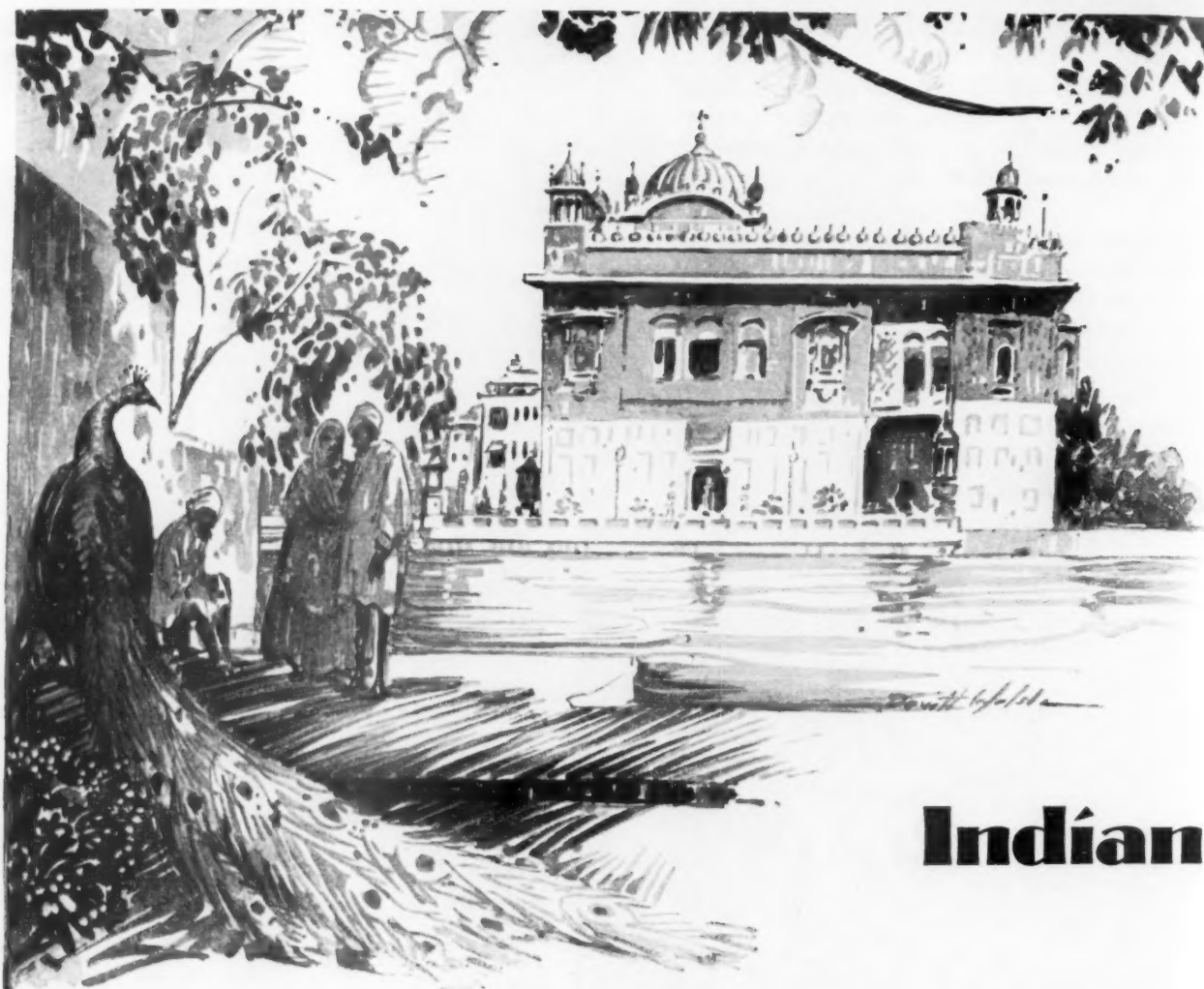


Photos: Young-Phelps

in security, in benefits. But after the leaders of high zeal disappeared, the afterglow of their influence waned, the common human traits began to assert themselves. A few members mysteriously acquired bank accounts—enough to buy individual automobiles. Both men and women discovered that under communism the old adage of "He who eats must work" did not hold. At first only a few took advantage of this; but others saw, were spurred by resentment, and they too became "incapacitated" when heavy jobs came along. More and more "slackerism" began to undermine communism.

Amana has had more than enough land. Mills were home industries turning raw products into finished articles. Sale of these created the "balance of trade" to secure articles from outside. Also, the mills were a means of taking up labor slack in off seasons of other work. Subsistence homesteading, which has recently been put forth as an experiment, is something Amana has demon-





Indian

MOST people who have never visited India may think of this subcontinent of 350 million souls, when they think of it at all, as the land of the rope trick. Others, who have paid only a flying visit to some of India's important cities may think of it as a chaos of communal and political strife. Still others, the scholars perhaps, may look at India as an interesting study in religion, philosophy, sociology, or economics.

Yet India is not essentially and exclusively any one of these. In spite of its caste distinctions, political aspirations, and vast illiteracy, India has always been, is now, and will be in the future a country of romance. One finds fresh romance in her streets and in hundreds of other places where one least expects it.

A few years ago, Amritsar was alarmed—Amritsar, the important commercial center of 200,000 people in northern India, the "City of the Golden Temple." Crowds of warlike folk, many of them Akalis, who belong to the sect of the Sikhs, and Mohammedans, were running through the main streets, armed with swords and bludgeons. The peace of the town, it seemed, was about to be broken by riot.

Immediately all the banks were closed, the police were called out, and patrolling pickets were stationed at stra-

tegic points. All this was done with the least delay and with no difficulty, for, ever since the serious civil troubles of 1919 and the subsequent political disturbances, these "riot arrangements," as they are officially called, have been ready to go into force on a moment's notice. Orders to all police stations in the town were sent by phone, for the city has a first-class system of automatic telephones by means of which, incidentally, it reports the speculative operations of wheat in all the markets of India.

Thus, within a few moments, rumors of the threatened riot had spread over the city and all business was stopped.

Excited, muttering crowds gathered before a great mosque. They had heard that a young Sikh and his sweetheart were to become converts to Mohammedanism. The couple had entered the mosque where a large crowd had already assembled on this Friday afternoon, the Muslim sabbath, to pray. Muslims are wont to offer their Friday afternoon prayers in a mosque.

But so great was the clamor and excitement of the crowds which gathered outside, that the ceremony in which the couple would have embraced their new faith was made impossible. The feeling of the angry crowd was that the young people were being forcibly converted



*The Golden Temple at Amritsar.
A wash drawing by Devitt Welsh.*

Romance

By G. R. Sethi

Member, Rotary Club of Amritsar, India.

from one religion to another, and the police, to allay that suspicion removed the couple to the District Court where they might in safety declare their purposes, though the authorities in India cannot interfere with anyone's religious views.

What the young man and woman told the magistrate sounds stranger than fiction. Yet what they described happened before our very eyes and within our own hearing. It was Rajkaur, pretty, dark, 23-year-old girl, who spoke first, her lovely calm broken only now and then by soft sobs. She was married, she said, to a man in a distant village by her parents when she was but 7 years old. (Child marriage in India has been common until recently, when legislation has been enacted to prevent such unions.) So abusively was she treated in her new home that life became a misery. Finally she returned to her parents.

As though she were a forsaken woman, everyone seemed to take delight in plaguing her. Said they, "You left your husband. He cannot admit you again into his house. There is nothing for you to do but to go on living wretchedly with your poor parents." Rajkaur's troubles were even greater when she came of age, for she saw young people being married, and married girls were

appearing in the finest of clothes, while she, with no one to supply her with clothing or even with food, had nothing.

But one day a few years later, she and her mother went on a pilgrimage to a Sikh shrine and there, oh beautiful moment, she met Pritipal Singh who now stood beside her as her lover. Love for each other had overwhelmed them from the start. They had seen each other in the jostling crowd and could not resist the temptation to talk. Finding the girl almost penniless, the young man, who was himself very poor, undertook to help her and her mother, and, in fact, accompanied them to their own village.

THE more the two young people learned about each other, the greater grew their love. But their happiness was not to last long, for the girl's mother would not agree to their marriage. And when Pritipal Singh took leave, the parting was very sad. The girl declared that if ever she married, she would marry Pritipal Singh, and none other. And Pritipal Singh likewise pledged his love.

The young Sikh sought work at Amritsar, and, at length, the girl and her mother followed him. One day Rajkaur and Pritipal Singh decided to run away from the mother to be married in a neighboring place. While they were leaving Amritsar, Pritipal Singh noticed a mosque, entered it, and Rajkaur followed him. It may have been his intention to embrace Islam, and the girl should thereupon have done likewise. But at that moment the frenzy and frightful noise of the crowds that had gathered before the mosque were so great that thinking was impossible, to say nothing of taking on one religion and casting off another. Thus were the hopes of the young pair shattered. Rajkaur fainted, and it was in this condition that she had been carried to the magistracy where she told her story.

The afternoon was very hot, the atmosphere oppressive. Inside the courtroom the air was particularly dense,



and both of the young witnesses were perspiring profusely. The mother's wailing only added to the confusion. The great crowd of spectators which had gathered had little thought of what was passing in the minds of the young couple. The excitement, the fury, the

anger of the people was the outcome of a misdirected religious zeal, it was seen, for the Muslims had hoped to claim a Sikh couple, and the Sikhs had hoped to prevent their conversion.

It was in the midst of such a seething sea of emotions that the girl and her lover had been removed to the court. It had been necessary to carry her bodily into the court-

room where cold water was thrown upon her face to revive her. She had been exceedingly surprised to find, upon awakening, that she was no longer in the Muslim mosque and was now the focus of the stares of a corps of grave officers who had been assembled from the neighboring communities. But a wise judgment was to be made finally that ended the religious dispute.

The presiding judge was a stout and impressive figure. Stately as his appearance was, his only concern seemed to be the peace of the city. But he invited the witnesses to speak their minds freely, for he guaranteed them protection in case they feared danger to themselves. Throughout the testimony there was pin-drop silence in the courtroom, though the police found it difficult to keep the jostling crowd outside quiet.

Again and again, as she told her story, did the pretty girl lament that she was the most unfortunate woman on earth, but a faithful one. She was poor, actually penniless, she repeated, with nothing but her dear Pritipal Singh (*defender of love*) to call her own. She had not yet forsaken her religion, of which she fully realized the value, and she would never denounce Sikhism except

if it were necessary to win her lover Pritipal Singh.

"Now, Mr. Magistrate," Rajkaur pleaded, as she concluded her statement, "do not let us be separated. We shall think again about the matter of changing our religion, but I cannot endure separation from my Pritipal Singh."

When Pritipal Singh was examined, he corroborated Rajkaur's story in all its details. And as he spoke, the girl winked and nodded to him whispering, "Go on, do not be afraid. Say that you will remain a Sikh." The judge, overhearing her remarks, asked Pritipal Singh directly what religion he would choose, and Pritipal Singh answered just as directly, that he would not embrace Islam, at least not at once. It was revealed that Pritipal Singh had originally been a Mohammedan and had become a convert to Sikhism several years ago. He had remained a Sikh all this time for the sake of his sweetheart.

These proceedings over, the court ruled that the young couple should be sent to a distant place of their own choosing, under escort, to see that there was no interference anywhere in their plans to marry. Thus was the city saved from a serious riot. The crowd was dispersed, but it took the police nearly two days to restore the calm of the city. Amritsar has heard no more of Rajkaur and Pritipal Singh except that they are married, and are happy.

That, then, is how true love triumphs. Such romances are interesting but perhaps all too frequent in the populous cities and villages of India.

But that quality peculiar to the philosophy of India—serenity—predominates in her cities, despite their mixtures of dialects and religious faiths. As for occasional mass excitement and general hysteria, one may, of course, find that in all lands.

May the reader learn from this true story that romance is not the monopoly of any one continent or nation and that it is not a state known only to Western civilization. Intellectuals, illiterates, everyone everywhere experiences it and by everyone everywhere who is normal is it enjoyed.

"Crowds of warlike folk . . . were running through the main streets, armed with swords and bludgeons. The peace of the town, it seemed, was about to be broken . . ."





Cartoons
by Kinney

Prepare Now for Travel

By William Lyon Phelps

*Former Lampson Professor, Yale University
Member, Rotary Club of New Haven, Connecticut*

I AM physically American, spiritually Christian, intellectually European.

I am satisfied with this triple outfit, and my only wish is not for change, but for development.

What preparedness for war means, and how much is necessary for "adequate defense," I don't know. Calvin Coolidge said it was possible to spend so much for defense that there might be nothing left to defend; but he was not a sentimentalist.

The preparedness I have in mind is the mental preparation desirable for a traveller from the New World who is about to travel in Europe. He does not need even a pistol; what he needs is to have his native intelligence supplemented by good reading, and goodwill toward men. Mark Twain's prescription of "ignorance and confidence" is all right in politics, but for the individual traveller it is not an asset.

I am reminded of the passage in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, where Johnson quoted the Spanish proverb, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," and then

added, "So it is in travelling; a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge."

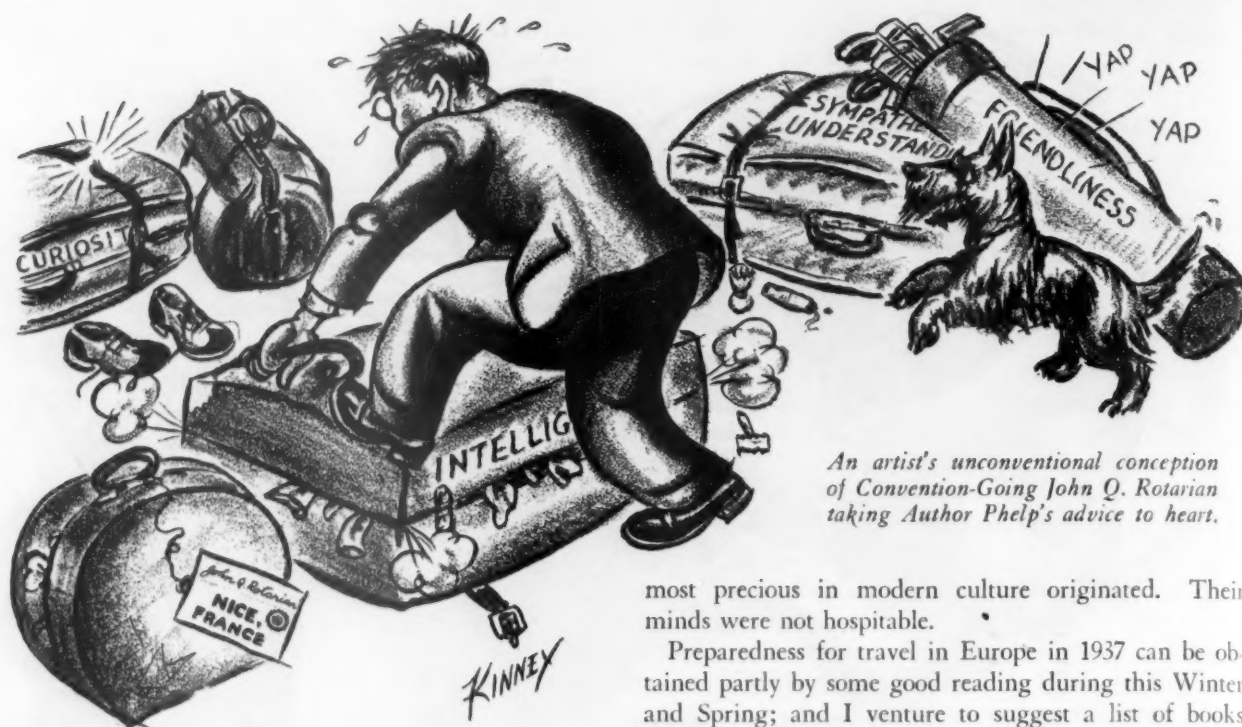
Surely some wealth in the mind, while not so essential as some wealth in the pocket, is an advantage to a North American visitor in Europe.

Nearly all the religions of the world came out of Asia; and the best intellectual culture of the world came out of Europe. If we should lose both religious faith and the love of literature and the fine arts, what would become of civilization?

Technology, the numerous inventions of applied science, improved sanitation, eugenics, physical culture and athletics, an improved economic and financial system, could not save the world.

As Rotary's Convention of 1937 (June 6 to 11) is to be held in Europe, at Nice, in the French Riviera, Convention-going Rotarians individually should take along intelligence, intellectual preparedness, insatiable mental curiosity, and sympathetic understanding. Although the modern world is not at present in either a happy or a peaceful condition, it was never in a more "interesting" one; there is everything to learn.

If we could only deal with individuals instead of with organized nationalities, there would never be any wars; for the world is full of interesting and attractive men and



An artist's unconventional conception of Convention-Going John Q. Rotarian taking Author Phelps's advice to heart.

women. One meets at a Rotary Club in Athens, Rome, Florence, Madrid, Nice, Paris, Munich, Berlin, London, Oslo, Stockholm, charming, intelligent, cultivated individuals; so that it seems strange to me that most nations appear to be getting ready to fight each other, and that only 20 years ago, America was engaged in a terrific war with some of them.

Despite national traits, characteristics, peculiarities, everyone knows that a gentleman from America feels more at home with a gentleman from Sweden, Italy, Germany, or anywhere, than he does with a thug or a boor in his native land. Rotary International has brought about more desirable and agreeable acquaintances among men of different nationalities than has any other agency.

We go abroad to learn, and I suppose the best part of travelling comes after one returns home. The inconveniences and petty annoyances of the actual travelling fade out of the picture, and we remember the things that are worth remembering. Memory never passes a dividend.

Americans, it has been said, are the most amiable people in the world; we are famous everywhere for our hospitality. South, west, east, and north, Americans are hospitable. Very well. Then when we travel in Europe, let us take with us a *hospitable mind*, a mind ever open to new ideas and old places.

I had to laugh once when I was in a tennis tournament near Nice. There were two chaps from an English-speaking country who were in charge of the printing of the program for the tournament; they were reading the proof together, and as they complained of the errors, I heard one of them say to the other, "But what can you expect of these damned foreigners?"

It did not occur to them, first, that *they* were the foreigners, and second, that they were on the border of the Mediterranean Sea, the place where nearly all that is

most precious in modern culture originated. Their minds were not hospitable.

Preparedness for travel in Europe in 1937 can be obtained partly by some good reading during this Winter and Spring; and I venture to suggest a list of books that are not only interesting in themselves, but that will help to prepare us to enjoy the sojourn abroad.

There are three books by a young man who died a short time ago that are more helpful and more enlightening than anything else I have read. This young gentleman's name was Paul Cohen-Portheim. He was Jewish, he was Austrian by birth, and an artist by profession. His mother gave him a fine education and he was a proficient linguist, speaking half a dozen European languages fluently. Fortunately for him, when the World War broke out in 1914, he was painting in Devonshire, England. He was of course immediately interned for the duration of the War.

This gave him time to read, to observe, and to meditate. Soon after the War he wrote a book on England and the English, called *England the Unknown Isle*, which I believe is really the best book ever written by a foreigner about Great Britain. Another of his books is called *The Spirit of London*. It is filled with photographs and intelligent comments. It is the best introductory guide to that astonishing city that I know.

Then he wrote *The Discovery of Europe*, very important to anyone who is about to visit the Continent. He felt that the best thing in civilization is what has come out of Europe; and he felt that this precious heritage, which we have all a right to enjoy, is in danger of being lost from two terrible threats—the threat of Russian Communism, and the threat of modern mass production. For both these big things are levellers; they take the variety, individuality, and beauty out of life. Mr. Paul Cohen-Portheim was a thoroughly civilized man.

Another book on England is also illuminating, though not so important; it is tremendously funny, packed with humor, and does help us to understand the English people. This is written by a Scot, A. G. Macdonell, and is called *England, Their England*.

Then, if one wishes to travel about the British Isles, either in a motor car or on a bicycle, let me heartily recommend three books by an Englishman named H. V. Morton. They are called respectively, *In Search of England*, *In Search of Scotland*, *In Search of Ireland*. He entered his Ford car and visited every locality of these three countries. He is extremely well read, knows the local literary geography, and has a genius for finding original characters in every village, whose conversation he reports.

While I am mentioning him, let me add that if any Rotarians on the Mediterranean carry their travels into Palestine, Mr. Morton has written a remarkable book about the Holy Land, called *In the Steps of the Master*.

And now for those who wish a more serious historical preparation; and perhaps there is no better way of spending the long evenings of Winter than in this reading; for if one goes to Europe in 1937 it will make the expedition more interesting and mentally profitable, and if one does not go, one will have learned a great deal from these books at home.

There is a series called *The Modern World*. These are under the general editorship of the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, of New College, Oxford. These books give the history of each country, but only enough to furnish a sufficient background. The intention is to help the reader to understand each nation as it is today; of course things change so rapidly at the present that a study of Spain as it was last year does not fit the situation exactly at this instant. But they are meant to be as contemporary as possible; that is, to give an intelligent survey of intellectual, political, economic, and social forces at the present time.

France is by Sisley Huddleston; this appeared in 1927, but has perhaps been brought up closer in later editions. *Germany*, *Ireland*, *Norway*, *Russia* are other volumes, each by an expert.

And if one has a good deal of time for prolonged serious reading, the general editor of the above series, Professor H. A. L. Fisher, has just published in this year

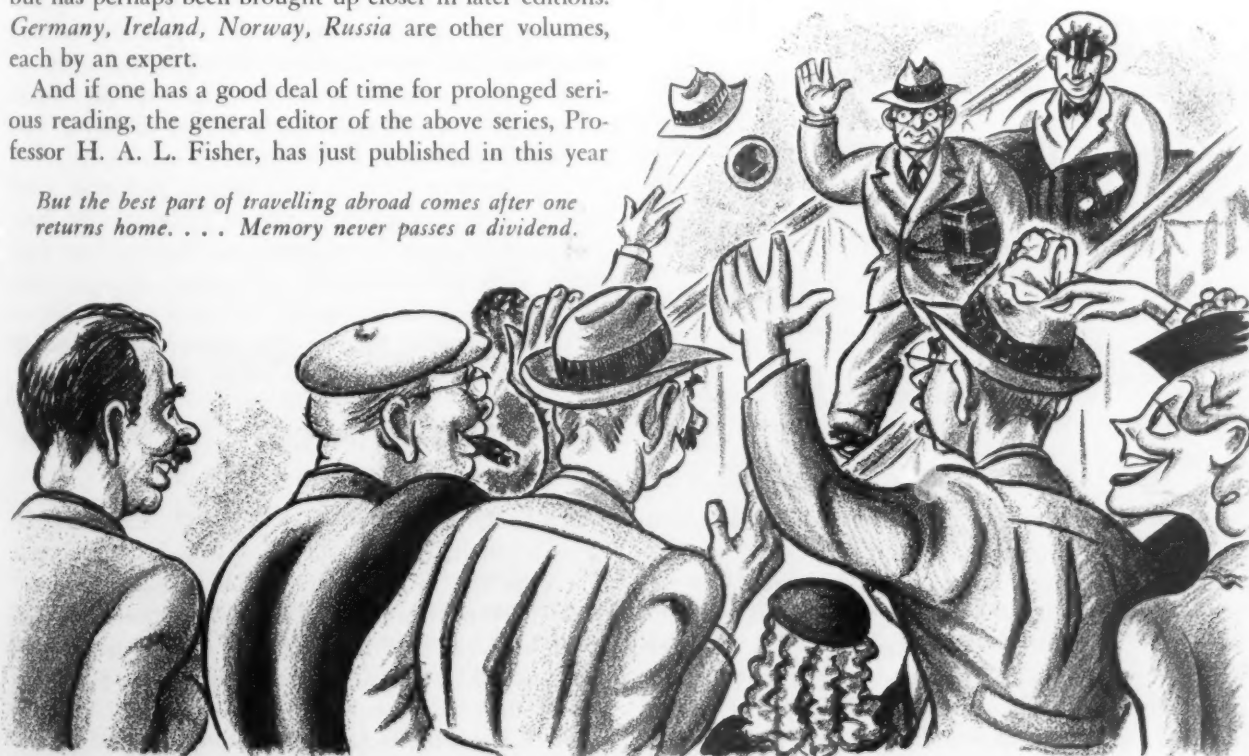
But the best part of travelling abroad comes after one returns home. . . . Memory never passes a dividend.

of 1936 a *History of Europe* in three volumes, from ancient times to the present.

For those who have neither the time, nor possibly the inclination for serious preparedness, let me remind you that there is a clever, entertaining, brilliant woman living in Chicago who has helped thousands of Americans to enjoy European travel. Her name is Clara Laughlin. She has written a series of pamphlets called respectively, *So You're Going to France*, *So You're Going to the Mediterranean*, *So You're Going to Italy*, *So You're Going to Rome*, etc., etc. These booklets cover every big town and every country in Europe, and are filled with the advice that every tourist needs. She is the founder and director of the Clara Laughlin Travel Services, and she wrote the Clara Laughlin Travel Study Courses.

There is a quite different but practical series of handy volumes, easily adapted for pocket transportation, called *Italy on Fifty Dollars*, *Sweden on Fifty Dollars*, *France on Fifty Dollars*, *England on Fifty Dollars*, which are intended to show how a traveller can see what is worth seeing in each of these countries, at a total expense of \$50 for each. Every detail of the budget is given, with complete directions concerning the best things to see. The low expense seems to me miraculous, but I believe when I was younger I could have managed it.

For in the year 1890 (ancient history I know, but anyhow it happened) I spent three months from New York to New York, paying first-class steamer passage both ways, bought a bicycle, which I brought back to America, travelled through Germany, Switzerland, France, and England, bought \$50 worth of clothes in London, and all for \$485. My total capital was \$500 and when I landed in New York, in the language of the old song, "I had fifteen dollars in my inside pocket."



The ROTARIAN

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

Thoughts for November!

NOVEMBER eleventh, the 18th anniversary of the close of the World War, will find almost 6 million persons under arms. Nations again are in a dizzying race to gain superiority in armaments. The words "the next war" have so frequently been repeated that they no longer carry the whiplash of horror.

And yet the last war is not yet paid for. Mars' ledger is still in the red. Many devastated villages have not been rebuilt, and will not be. Shrapnel-crippled men still hobble down the streets. In hospitals and sanitariums others cough and fight grimly on, some too terribly disfigured to be seen even by kindly visitors.

If peoples whose attitudes and desires were crystallized into decisions that led to the World War could have foreseen the result, would they have paid the price of peace whatever it might have been? Facing prospects of a war even more costly, more disastrous, will peoples today sacrifice that which is needed to make peace—not war—inevitable?

These are things to think on, November eleventh.

A Hint and a Hope

THOSE who hold "it's human nature to fight" should not look for support to the scholars who study the customs of man. Singular unanimity prevails among them on the point that wars are neither universal nor an inevitable product of human nature.

"But what happens when rivalry reaches the breaking point?" the doubter may ask. A ready answer of the anthropologist is the "potlach" ceremonial of Indians in Northwest America. It was a social device whereby a rivalry was brought to public attention. Amidst much ceremony, the antagonists simply tried to outdo the other with gifts. The one who embarrassed his rival with the most riches won acclaim; the loser retired in disgrace.

Cree Indians, who live in the "Big Woods" of Northern Canada near Hudson Bay, are an excellent example of a nonwarring tribe. They are, says Miss Regina Flannery of the Catholic University of America, "without even

traditions and without warlike offensive or defensive weapons." They are human beings and have their share of human nature. But they don't fight. Many advanced, as well as primitive, peoples over the earth have been similarly rooted in the ways of peace.

The development of the organized-war idea, wherever it has gained headway, seems to be associated with the hostility of a group against those not in it. A primitive moral code, described as a "natural decalogue," would be set up among an aggregation of individuals having a group consciousness. This code might proscribe murder, adultery, incest, theft, malicious lying, cruelty to children, and any number of other offenses. But such protective rules would apply only to members of the group or tribe, not to outsiders. For the latter, the code was "anything goes."

Vestiges of this double-code system still persist, surviving from the dim days of caves and river drifts. Civilization has created something called the "rights of humanity" and "international law"—but occasionally the anything-goes-in-dealing-with-the-other-fellow philosophy flares up in form of economic rivalries and wars.

For those who seek to eradicate those remnants of the primitive double-code system, the findings of the anthropologists hold a hint and a hope.

In all cases where a tribe has displaced its double code by an extension of its own code to outsiders, the first step has been hospitality to strangers. Sharing food and shelter with strangers leads to knowing them, to the discovery that they are quite like one's self. Social acceptance naturally follows such understanding and, if the process is uninterrupted, it issues in goodwill.

Now, On to Nice!

ANNOUNCEMENT that Nice, France, is to be Host City to the 1937 Convention of Rotary International settled the 1937 vacation question for hundreds of Rotarians and their families. Already atlases, histories and travel books are being dusted off, and itineraries are being plotted for that long-deferred trip to the cities and countryside of Europe.

The Riviera, the picturesque region of which Nice is

the "Queen City," is in balmy southern France and overlooks a captivating coast washed by the waters of the Mediterranean. The week of the Convention—June 6 to 11—is neatly spaced in time to catch this recreational region between the Winter and Summer tourist seasons while the climate is mild.

Originally, it had been planned to hold the Convention in London, but prospects for great crowds present for the coronation ceremonies made it wise to make the change to Nice. Those who had planned on London need shift their arrangements slightly to go to Nice instead. The distance is not great. And the route between, and a thousand others crisscrossing Europe in all directions, is replete with all that needs be to make a vacation rich in memories.

Not So Silent, Now

THE "strong, silent" big businessman seems to be on his way out. Into his place is stepping a man who, though probably just as strong, is certainly not silent. He has learned that to be able to express his ideas, not in the manner of a Daniel Webster, but simply, forthrightly, and clearly is a valuable asset in his vocation, whether he makes tin cans or sells doilies.

Visit any trade or professional association in session. A problem is thrown out for discussion. Here and there men quickly arise to state their opinions without recourse to oratory or gesticulation. They know what they think. They say it. They sit down. And should any long-winded individual monopolize the floor, the displeasure of his audience is with varying degrees of subtlety definitely expressed.

The part service clubs have played in cultivation of public-speaking abilities is a subject into which Author Carnegie's article does not penetrate, but among the readers of this magazine are thousands who can testify that it was in Rotary groups that they first learned "to get on their feet and talk." Against the depression can be charged many a woe, but among its benefits must be listed the uses of necessity whereby many a Rotary Club has learned to draw on the latent talents of its own members for its programs.

Wearing Down the Brakes

TO SERVE or not to serve lamb stew or roast beef probably is not a question which often vexes the officers of your Rotary Club. But on such matters as beefsteak vs. rice, and even who prepares the food, may hinge the success of a Club in parts of the world where Rotary brings together men of different races and creeds.

In India, for example: Sandwiched between the speeches and discussions recorded in a little blue cloth-bound book, *Proceedings of the Third (1936) Annual Rotary Conference for District "A" (India, Burma, &*

Ceylon), Bangalore, are sidelights vividly illuminating the difficulties being surmounted by Rotary as it takes root in the Orient.

Of catering, one speaker from Madras declared, "This is very important, especially in India where, it should be remembered, what one member may eat another must not. Members of the Club Service Committee should therefore be constant in their attention to this point and make sure that not only the majority who eat European food are satisfied but also that the very important minority who are vegetarians are frequently consulted regarding the menu. . . . Many of our Indian members are caste men and won't touch the food if there is a suspicion of its having been touched by noncaste men. No man, not even a keen Rotarian, can be expected to pay week after week for a luncheon which he cannot consume!"

The tale told by Rotarian Sethi, elsewhere in this issue, further reveals the deep-down differences of peoples who dwell in many of the crowded cities of the Orient. Comes friction, a spark, and the tinder of hatreds flares into flame. Yet in the face of it all, Rotary Clubs are working quietly and steadily to translate into reality the ideal of Service. Their articles of faith and action were succinctly resolved by a Calcutta Rotarian at the Bangalore meeting in these words:

"1. That Rotary can be of service to India in the progress of its peoples;

"2. That a fundamental factor in the success of that progress is the wearing down of those differences which act as a brake on progress;

"3. That there is an opportunity for an organization which can assist in gradually releasing that brake; and

"4. That Rotary can be that medium."

Needed: Cool Heads

BEWARE," warned the late Albert S. Adams, one-time President of Rotary International, "of resolutions." His warning is well considered in these troubled days, for it is so easy to pass a resolution—and so hard, sometimes, to explain it away later.

Many a group of sincere persons has been inspired by an eloquent speaker; has responded to his appeal by passing a resolution on this or that, and has later found that other facts, unknown or overlooked at the time the resolution was being passed, put the matter in an entirely different light.

Again, one large national group passed a resolution at one of its annual gatherings, the later developments from which almost caused the dissolution of the entire organization.

Individual Rotary Clubs may profit by such experiences. Though the autonomy of the Clubs gives them the right to "resolve" for or against this or that seemingly important issue, there is dynamite and T.N.T. in a hastily considered resolution. Past President Adams' appeal for caution was never more timely than it is today.

No. 10 Downing Street, London

By Sir Herbert Samuel

Former British Home Secretary

A VISITOR to London will find, five minutes' walk from the great buildings of the Houses of Parliament, a short narrow street, with a tall block of offices of Government Departments on one side, and a row of three ordinary old houses on the other. Those three are all that are left of a street that was built by a certain Sir George Downing, about 250 years ago. Downing emigrated with his parents to America; was a graduate of Harvard; returned and served under Cromwell, but afterward won the favor of King Charles II. That favor enabled him to accumulate a private fortune, part of which

Photo: Publishers Photo Service.



It is the residence of England's Prime Ministers, and the focal point for the amazingly complex system of Empire administration.

he invested in building the street that still bears his name.

No. 10 Downing Street has been the official residence of the Prime Ministers of England ever since the time of the first holder of that position, Sir Robert Walpole. It is ordinary enough—just like any other old London middle-class family house. It is not very comfortable as a residence, and quite inadequate as an office. Its appearance is altogether undistinguished. Yet there is no Londoner, no Englishman, no citizen of any of the British Dominions, who would consent for a moment that our Prime Ministers should exchange that little old brick house for any more modern or more commodious dwelling. Nor is there any Prime Minister who would dream of doing so.

You ring the very ordinary bell, and enter the very ordinary door. You pass through a hall exactly like the hall of any other London house of that size, and along a passage, lined with prints and busts of statesmen. At the end is a lobby with the entrance to the Cabinet room. Bookcases cover most of the walls of that room; long French windows open on to a small garden, with a view of St. James' Park beyond; tall wooden pillars support the ceiling; all is painted in white. A long table, with a green baize cover, fills almost all the floor space. There is an armchair at the middle of the table, on the side opposite the windows, back to the fireplace, for the Prime Minister; and 20 ordinary chairs—or whatever number the membership of the Cabinet at the time may require—for the use of the other ministers.

Consider who they are that occupy some of those chairs, and you will gain an idea of the organization of the British Empire—the most varied, the most unsymmetrical, the most haphazard political construction that the world has ever known.

There is the Secretary of State for India. He has to oversee the affairs of 360 millions of people, one-fifth of the whole human race. The actual administration rests with the Viceroy, with the Governors of eleven Provinces, and with the Princes of 560 States. There are Legislative Assemblies in the provinces, and one for British India as a whole.

The new Act of Parliament effects an immense transfer

Lines of a far-flung empire converge at this doorway, here picturesquely framed by an arch and grilled gate. . . . Perhaps it is symbolic of the unplanned development of this Empire that though this house is No. 10 Downing Street, numbers 1 to 9 do not exist!



This house is not unlike thousands of others in London. The street in front is often filled with crowds when the Cabinet is deliberating on urgent issues.

Below are views of the interior of this residence of every Prime Minister that England has ever had. . . . The staircase, lined with portraits of the great of other days . . . the comfortable living room . . . and the private study of the Prime Minister.

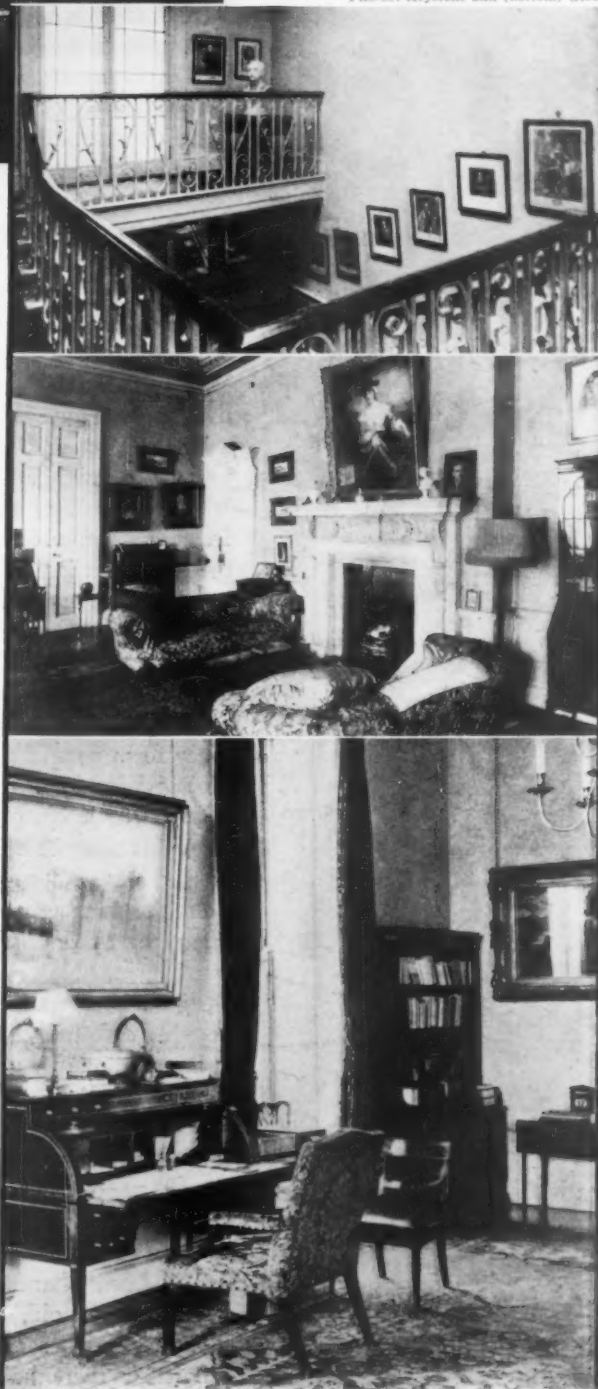
Photos: Keystone and (bottom) Globe

of powers from the Secretary of State, the Viceroy and the Governors, to Indian Ministers, resting on the confidence of elected Parliaments. And for the first time the Indian Principalities will be brought into one system of Federal Government with the Provinces of "British India."

There is the Secretary of State for the Colonies. He has under his control no fewer than 40 territories. They are scattered over the four continents. They are of every size, from Nigeria with 20 millions of people, to the Island of St. Helena, with 4,000. Each has its own Governor, and its own system of administration; ranging from a broad autonomy in the most advanced, with elected assemblies and local ministers, to a complete absolutism in the most backward. No two administrations are quite of the same pattern. Under the Colonial Secretary come also the territories governed by mandate, and supervised by the League of Nations—Palestine the chief of them.

There is the Secretary of State for the Dominions, who keeps in close touch with the Governments of the great self-governing States—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Irish Free State; with Newfoundland and Southern Rhodesia also. He keeps in touch; he acts as the channel for current business between His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom and His Majesty's several Governments in the Dominions; but, so far as the five principal States are concerned, he does not in any degree control them. Nor does the Prime Minister; nor the Cabinet; nor Parliament itself.

Gradually the self-governing Dominions have become more and more autonomous. Since the momentous Statute of Westminster was passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1931, each has been constitutionally self-dependent in everything. All are equal partners with the United Kingdom. All have the same status in their relation with the Crown. The Governors-General of the great Dominions are appointed by the King on the recom-





England is preparing to crown a King. And he, as all the world knows, is Edward VIII, here shown in Hussar uniform with the picturesque fur busby. The coronation will take place in Westminster Abbey on May 12, 1937—a date of special interest to Rotarians who may be planning European tours prior to the Convention of Rotary International at Nice, France, June 6 to 11. . . . During the ceremonies, the King will be anointed on breast and palms with oil poured from the Amula, the Golden Eagle (left), into the Anointing Spoon. Both Amula and Spoon escaped destruction during the Cromwellian wars, and are of ancient origin.

mentation not of the Home Government, but of the Dominion Government concerned.

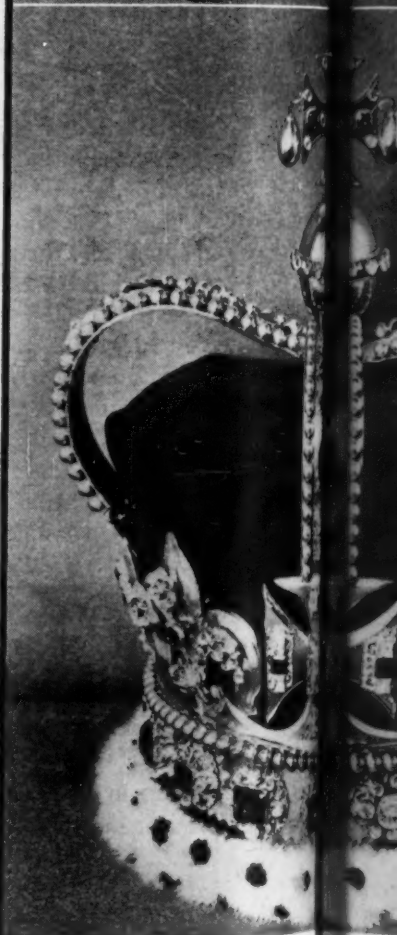
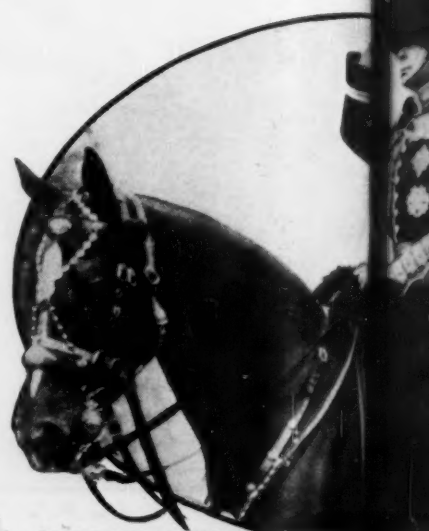
In another chair sits the Secretary of State for Scotland, who presides over the administration of that part of Great Britain. Until 1916, there was also a minister with the title of Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. But three-fourths of Ireland now forms the Irish Free State, and has the constitutional status of a self-governing Dominion, although the communications between the Government of the Free State and the Dominions Office are, in these days, few in number and chilly in tone.

The other one-fourth of Ireland is the State of Northern Ireland. It has its own Parliament and its own Ministry, but still retains a certain number of representatives in the House of Commons at Westminster. It enables the title of "United Kingdom" still to be retained; it combines with England, Scotland, and Wales to form "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland," from which the King takes his present title. In the Cabinet it is the Secretary of State for Home Affairs who is the means of communication with the Government of Northern Ireland. And, when I held that office, I had to speak also on behalf of the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. These, too, have their own Governors, and their Parliaments, which are of much antiquity. They form part of the "British Islands," but not of the United Kingdom.

Could there be a more extraordinary jumble of governments represented in that room? Fifty-three of them altogether (counting India as a unit); not one of them quite the same as another; most of them of very distinctive types. The whole conglomeration is illogical to the last degree. No constitutional lawyer could ever have designed it, except in a nightmare. The system has every possible defect, and is open to every possible criticism. It has only one virtue. But that is important. It works.

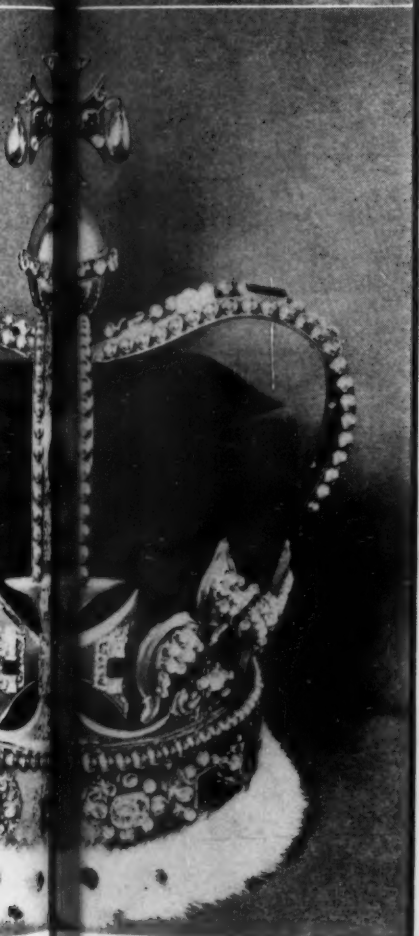
Somehow it does seem to meet the requirements of the case. If it is full of variations, so are the conditions that it is designed to meet. It has not been made; it has grown out of the soil that feeds it and the atmosphere that nourishes it. It bows to the storms, and is shaped by the prevailing winds.

The Lord Chancellor sits in the Cabinet holding an office 900 years old, dating from before the days of William the Conqueror; the Minister for League of Nations Affairs sits there, holding an office created in 1935.





Photos:
(above) In-
ternational
News; (others)
Wide World.



The head of the Royal Scepter is shown at the right. Below a cross of diamonds and an orb is the largest of the Four Stars of Africa, a diamond presented to King Edward VII, the present King's grandfather, by the Union of South Africa. It is the largest diamond in the world. . . . Beneath the Scepter is the Sword of State, with its symbolic Rose of England, Thistle of Scotland, and Harp of Ireland. . . . To the left are pictured the bracelets of gold, with emblems of the Three Kingdoms, and St. George's Spurs, of solid gold. Under them is the Crown of England, made in 1662 to replace the one destroyed by the Commonwealth.

At one time during the War, it was found convenient to have a quick-working Cabinet of only five members, in almost constant session; and it was reduced to that number. After the War it reverted to the normal. But the financial crisis of 1931 caused another upheaval. An urgent and definite task had to be performed with great celerity. An emergency Cabinet of ten members was formed to carry it through; and it did so. When the crisis was over the membership expanded again.

The system works, because it is a matter less of offices than of men. Ministers as a rule know each other fairly well. They meet socially day by day. They meet officially in the frequent meetings of Cabinet Committees, appointed from time to time to deal with particular questions of difficulty.

There is also a Committee of Imperial Defence, with the Prime Minister as chairman, and with a very elastic constitution. The chairman summons to each meeting whichever of his Cabinet colleagues, and whichever representatives of the three Defence Services, the business in hand may require. Dominion representatives attend also. The Committee of Imperial Defence plays an important part in coördinating all the military, naval, and air forces of the whole Empire.

Behind the Ministers, and all over India and the Colonies, is a highly-skilled professional Civil Service, quietly getting on with the detailed work.

The Dominions have their High Commissioners resident in London; the Home Government has its High Commissioners resident in the Dominions; some of the Dominions have Commissioners in each other's capitals. All these form personal channels of communication, which promote the smooth and rapid despatch of business. Great care is taken by the Home Government to keep in close touch with the Governments of India and of the Dominions on all important questions of foreign policy and international action.

With the Colonies, business is done through the Governors; in the Mandated Territories the head of the administration bears the title of High Commissioner. Everywhere there is a large degree of local self-dependence. Unless there is definite reason to the contrary, the Department at home always accepts the views of "the man on the spot." During the five years that I was charged with the administration of Palestine, on no occasion—although questions of much difficulty were continually arising—did I feel that the Colonial Office was exer-



cising unreasonably its overruling authority. Yet the Home Government, very properly, is always on the watch, and nothing can go wrong, anywhere in the territories under its jurisdiction, for any length of time, without its being discovered and the necessary measures taken.

Dominion Ministers, Indian and Colonial Governors, administrators of all grades from all over the Empire, are frequently in London and available for direct discussion. There is an Empire Parliamentary Association, common to all the States, with headquarters adjoining the ancient Westminster Hall, and with branches in almost every Dominion, Province or Colony which has parliamentary institutions. Legislators from the outlying parts visiting London, and numbers from London visiting the outlying parts, are able, through its agency, to make friendly personal contacts.

Every four years, as a rule, there is held a formal Imperial Conference, attended by the Prime Ministers, and other Cabinet Ministers, from the United Kingdom and the Dominions. India and the Colonies are represented also. A great variety of questions of common interest are discussed at these Conferences, and lines of common policy are laid down. When some special occasion arises, such as the recent Silver Jubilee of the late King, and Dominion Premiers are present in the metropolis, the opportunity is taken for consultation on important affairs of current interest. Then the chairs in the Cabinet room at "No. 10" have unaccustomed occupants. Lands are represented there of which Walpole did not know the names; he could not know in some

of the cases even the fact of their geographical existence.

Such a survey enables one to realize the reason for the hold of the British monarchy upon the British people.

It is not due to a mere snobbishness. It is not due mainly to the attraction of what is ancient or quaint, the continuance of an old, picturesque, colorful institution into a rather drab modern world. It is certainly not due to an acceptance of the hereditary principle as a normal feature in government. Nor yet to any willingness to surrender, in a single particular, the substance of democratic self-government. But so long as monarchy is compatible with democracy—and experience shows that it can be—it will be preserved, for one reason among many that it is the center which holds together this strange collection of countries, peoples, governments that is called the British Empire.

So the British people, liberty-loving, progressive, modern, not merely accepts—it cherishes, and with a very sincere devotion, this remarkable survival from a bygone age. Intensely interested in the Dominions, India, the Colonies, and now in the Mandated Territories; deeply conscious of the responsibility which Britain has assumed in building up a Commonwealth that includes a quarter of the human race; believing that in spite of all its faults, the continued unity of that Commonwealth is of importance to the welfare of its own peoples and of the whole world—the British nation sees quite clearly that a monarchy at the centre is the only system through which that aim can be achieved.

Therefore the monarchy stands, and will stand.

Here sit some 600 members of the House of Commons, the more important branch of the British Parliament. The photograph shows "the shadow of the back benches," where budding politicians serve apprenticeship in relative obscurity.

Photo: Keystone.



'We Have With Us Tonight—'

By Dale Carnegie

YOU have been invited to make a speech, and have come to me with perplexing questions. I'll try to answer them.

"Shall I accept the invitation?"

Yes. It will be a lot of fun, and prove one of the most thrilling experiences of your life. Indeed, if I were you, I wouldn't even wait for an invitation to make a speech. For the good of my soul, I'd seize the first opportunity to make one voluntarily—and every legitimate opportunity thereafter: office conference, club meeting, church gathering, Parent-Teachers' meeting. For public speaking is a sure way to leadership. I know hundreds of men who have created more prestige by one five-minute talk than they had been able to achieve by five years of grinding work. Once successfully master an audience with a short talk and thereafter you'll be a better master of yourself.

You may not make a brilliant speech. But don't let that worry you. Few people do. If you doubt me, turn on your radio.

"But I never faced an audience in my life. I'm afraid I'll faint." Oh, no, you won't. During the past 24 years, I have watched 10,000 businessmen and women face audiences for the first time. Only one fainted. That chap literally passed out and pitched forward and two men in the front row grabbed the falling body. I prophesied right then that within a few weeks he would actually enjoy talking in public. He did. He continued to meet with a public-speaking group twice a week for years.

Of course, you will be nervous at first. Everyone is. Bryan was. So were Theodore Roosevelt and Mussolini and Lloyd George. But there are certain things that will help you develop courage in advance. One is practice. Practice. Practice. Where? Anywhere. When I was riding horseback to college out in Missouri years ago, I used to go to the barn and practice my talks on the



"... out in Missouri years ago, I used to go to the barn and practice . . ."

horses and frightened pigeons. Talk to friends about the points you are going to discuss. Call in the neighbors and practice on them. Talk to any group that will listen.

Don't imagine it is going to be difficult. You could make a good talk right now if somebody knocked you down. You have frequently made good talks at home when you were mad. Remember the heat and force and color you put into your talks then. All you have to do is to release that same intensity of feeling before an audience. Good public speaking is merely enlarged conversation. Nothing more.

Remember, nothing is holding you back except your own thoughts. So stop thinking of yourself. Think of your subject, your audience. "Do the thing you fear to do," said Emerson, "and the death of fear is absolutely certain."



"What shall I talk about?" Talk about what interests you—from Pouter Pigeons to Julius Caesar; speak with enthusiasm and you are sure to interest your audience. I have seen that happen thousands of times. I know a man who could hold you and 5,000 other people spell-bound by talking about Oriental rugs. He has gone by caravan into the interior of Persia and Baluchistan and bought rugs from the natives. He has something to say worth listening to and he says it with enthusiasm. An ideal combination! You may know more about catfish or cyclones or cleaning fluids than anyone else in the audience. If so, that may be a good topic for you. Don't try to get a topic out of the newspapers or the encyclopedia or a book of speeches. Dig your topic—or, if it is assigned, your approach—out of your own head and heart.

"How shall I prepare?" That question takes us right into the secret chambers of good speaking. Three-fourths of the success of your talk will depend on whether or not you are adequately prepared. Most speakers who fail do so because they wouldn't take the time to prepare. Ed Wynn spends two hours of hard work for every 60 seconds on the air. Every minute Burns and Allen spend in front of the microphone requires eight hours of serious preparation. Harry Emerson Fosdick, one of the most eloquent speakers in America, used to say that it took him 10 hours to prepare a 10-minute talk and 20 hours for a 20-minute talk.

You can stand up right now and talk about some childhood exploit or how you got started in business or the most exciting adventure of your life. You have lived through these things. The secret of preparation is to investigate your subject so thoroughly that it becomes for the time being as intimate a part of you as these vivid experiences. Suppose, for example, you have been asked to talk on the subject, "Is the public honest?" First, sit down and check your own experiences. Then go to the merchants in your town who do credit business and ask them for their experiences. Ask your local dentists and doctors. If there is a Better Business Bureau in your town, interview the manager. Write the National Association of Credit Men asking where you can find material. Go to your public library.* Spend an hour of preparation for every seven seconds you expect to talk. Get ten times as much material as you can use. You will then have an inner urge, a conviction—and your talk will almost make itself.

"How can I organize my material?" Russell H. Conwell, who delivered one lecture, *Acres of Diamonds*, more than 6,000 times, once told me that he prepared many of his talks on this outline: 1. State your facts. 2. Argue from them. 3. Appeal for action.

I often use this outline: 1. Show something is wrong. 2. Show how to remedy it. 3. Appeal for action.

I have often asked men to prepare talks in this fashion: 1. Get an idea that you want to put over. 2. Get illustrations to make it clear, interesting, and vivid. 3. Get an opening sentence that will hook everyone's attention instantly. 4. Get an impressive closing.

"Shall I memorize my talk?" No! Never! If you do, you are likely to forget; and the pangs of inflammatory rheumatism seem mild in comparison with the agonies endured by the speaker who suddenly forgets his canned speech. But even if you do remember your talk, you will be thinking of words, not ideas. Consequently, you will have a faraway look in your eyes and a faraway sound in your voice. The whole performance will lack life, spontaneity, color, intimacy.

Suppose you wanted to sell me real estate. Would you write out a talk and memorize it? No. You would think up all the attractive features of the proposition, and then come and talk to me like a human being.

Why not use that same common sense when preparing a speech? If you do, your talk may be crude in spots, your phraseology may be awkward, you are almost certain to leave out some of the things you intended to say; but your performance will be human and natural and will get over far better than a memorized oration.

Some speakers write out their talks, read them over, and then tear them up. But even that is dangerous. I always *think* out what I am going to say, make a few notes and then trust to Allah to give me the words I need. Don't hesitate to use a few notes, but make them brief. And write them large enough that you can see them at a glance.

* Valuable references, correlated with suggested Rotary Club program topics, appear on pages 62-63 of each issue of THE ROTARIAN.—Ed.

"What gestures shall I make?" As far as the audience is concerned, it won't be necessary to make any gestures. But gestures will help *you* to let yourself go. I use lots of gestures while speaking, especially when I am talking on the radio. I need them to help me warm up before the unresponsive mike. In the same way, you can force yourself to speak with enthusiasm before an audience by merely forcing yourself to make any sort of emphatic gestures. But don't plan them in advance. Don't let any elocutionist drill you to gesture with graceful curves in front of a mirror. Remember you are trying to instruct, entertain, or move an audience to action. A speech is a psychological process, not a physical exhibition of grace; and you should no more be thinking of gestures than of words. You ought to be thinking only of your ideas, your message, and your audience.

"Shall I put my hands in my pockets?" Theodore Roosevelt did, and so did William Jennings Bryan and Chauncey M. Depew. Of course, the best place for your hands is at your sides. They look well there, and they are in position to gesture easily when the urge comes. But if your hands feel like a bunch of bananas hanging at your sides, your mind won't be free and easy. And the condition of your mind is far more important than the position of your hands. So yes—put your hands in your pockets if that gives you more ease. You are trying to make something happen in the other man's head and heart. If you can do that, it doesn't matter what you do with your hands.

"How shall I deliver my talk?" Speak sincerely, from the heart. You may make blunders, but you can hardly fail to make an impression. The most difficult problem I face in training men is to blast them out of their shells and inspire them to speak with genuine earnestness. That is probably the most important rule in delivery. Your audience must feel that you know what you are talking about, that you mean it and have an intense desire to tell about it.

"How can I tell whether I am being heard?" When Abraham Lincoln made, at Cooper Union in New York, the famous speech that he afterwards said made him President, he had a friend seated in the back row with instructions to raise his cane in the air if and when Lincoln couldn't be heard. Not a bad idea for you. Remember your voice can't carry unless you have plenty of air in your lungs.

So breathe deeply. Don't talk to the people in the front row. Talk to the people in the back row. Think your voice into the rear of the room. Speak with life and energy. Open your mouth. You don't have to shout. Even a whisper, when made correctly, will carry to the back of a large theater.

"Shall I tell funny stories?" No! By the beard of the prophet, No! In the whole realm of speechmaking, humor is the most difficult thing to do well. If you aren't a natural humorist—if you *try* to be funny—you may easily fail. And if you fail, you will only afflict your audience with pity and embarrassment.

"How long shall I talk?" George Horace Lorimer once told me that he always stopped a series of articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* when they were at the peak of their popularity. That is a good time to stop a talk, too. Stop when people are eager to have you go on. Stop before they want you to. Lincoln made the most famous speech in the world at Gettysburg; and he did it with ten sentences and spoke less than five minutes. Unless you are much better than you think you are, and unless your subject is extremely important, you had better not take more than twice as much time as Lincoln took for that address.

"So yes—put your hands in your pockets if that gives you more ease..."



Illustrations by
Ray Inman



"Just as soon as Valerie got close enough, I winked an' nodded at the school an' she knew in a minute what I wanted. Away she went. Nobody could say anythin' to a girl if she told the teacher to come an' stop a coupla kids fightin'."

The Patches of Sir Galahad

By Agnes Mary Cooper

IT WAS from the new boy that my twin brother Bennie an' me first heard about a *stuffed suit*. The new boy's father had just come to our town an' was in Brown's old butcher shop. He was 12 years old, the same age as Bennie an' me, but lots bigger'n Bennie on account o' Bennie havin' that hump on his back. Bennie was never sick with it any more though, an' we never thought about his back—any of us fellows. It was just part o' Bennie.

But the new boy thought of it. It was the first thing he thought of as soon as he saw Bennie. He started right in askin' fool questions. Had Bennie always had it? Did it get any bigger? Why was Bennie so small if he was 12 years old, the same as him?

Bennie answered his first question, an' then he got mad, an' started right in askin' questions, too. Had the new boy always had those freckles on his face? An' had his tongue always been so long? An' what'd he do if it got any longer? An' Bennie asked his questions with his face so close to the new boy that I knew they'd be fightin' in a minute. An' sure enough they were.

I didn't know what to do. Every day after Bennie an' Jackie goes out the door, Mother pulls me back to whisper to me, soft as soft, to be sure an' take care o' my twin. But Mother hasn't any idea how hard it is to take care o' Bennie. Nobody could stop Bennie fightin' if he wanted to fight, or do Bennie's fightin' for him either. If I tried interferin' Bennie'd just look at me like he looks at Rover when Rover won't stop jumpin' up on him, an' tell me to shut up.

But, it sure makes me scared to see Bennie fightin' on account o' Mother tellin' me so soft to take care o' Bennie, an' on account o' the way fightin' always makes Bennie feel. You see, as long as Bennie's fightin' he never knows he's hurt. But afterwards he gets just the color o' milk an' goes away so funny and wabbly, just like our baby.

I was scared, but I didn't know what to do. The new boy was a lot bigger'n Bennie. He got Bennie down an' rolled him round an' shook him. I could see he didn't want to hurt him. He kept sayin' to Bennie, "Say enough! Say enough! Say enough!" But Bennie wouldn't say "enough." An' the new boy couldn't quit till Bennie did say "enough," though I could see he wanted to. For Bennie, though he was down, kept kick-

in' the new boy all the time, with his left leg, an' the new boy couldn't stop him. Nobody could stop Bennie o' doin' things, 'less they killed him.

I was gettin' wild, wonderin' what to do an' thinkin' o' what Mother'd say if she could see Bennie now, when I saw Valerie Edwards runnin' over to the bunch of us. Valerie's the kind of girl that's always there when she's wanted. She's the smartest girl in the school an' the nicest. She's got the nicest clothes, too, all frilly an' bright blue an' pink an' yellow. Just as soon as Valerie got close enough I winked at her an' nodded at the school an' she knew in a minute what I wanted. Away she went. Nobody could say much to a girl if she told the teacher to come an' stop a coupla kids fightin'.

The teacher was there in two minutes. He pulled the new boy off Bennie, quick as a wink an' lit into him like everythin' on account o' fightin' with a boy smaller than himself. He didn't say that the new boy hadn't any business fightin' with a boy that had a lump on his back, but anybody could see that's what he's thinkin'. An' I knew Bennie knew what the teacher was thinkin' an' was mad as hops about it, but he was breathin' too fast to say a word to anybody, an' I was sure glad o' that.

Well, Bennie an' me an' the new boy walked off from school as friendly as could be that night, the new boy never sayin' a word about Bennie lookin' so white, or walkin' so shaky. An' from then on he an' Bennie was friends. An' the next day he told me about a stuffed suit.

He said our tailor could make Bennie a suit that was so well stuffed in the right places that nobody'd know that Bennie had a lump on his back at all. He said his dad told him so.

Well, I told Bennie an' from then on I knew Bennie'd never be happy until he got a stuffed suit. The first thing me an' Bennie did was to go into a shop an' ask the tailor what he'd charge for a stuffed suit. The tailor told us his price. Bennie an' me just stood an' looked at each other. It was more than Mother'd pay for an outfit for Bennie an' for me an' for Jackie, all three of us. I could see that even Bennie gave up for a minute.

But then the tailor looked at Bennie, looked at him hard and his face got just the nicest kind of look on it. He started right in then, showin' us tweeds that were a lot cheaper an' hard wearin' enough for school, an' he said he'd make a suit for school that was padded in just the right places an' he'd make it cheaper'n he ever did.

I thought it was awful kind of the tailor an' so did Bennie, though I could see him squeeze all up inside of himself, like he always does when anybody looks at him with that nice kind of look.

But even then that stuffed suit'd cost a lot more than Mother could afford to pay. An' I knew how hard it was for Mother to buy any kind of suits for us, on account of things being sort of bad at our store, an' the depression 'n' everything.

We thought at first, Bennie an' me, that we could earn enough to make up the difference between the kind of suit Mother buys an' a stuffed suit, but nothin' doin'. Most towns have a few lazy people in them, but this one hasn't. Everybody here chops their own kindlin' an' runs their own errands an' mows their own lawns. Mother says it's on account of the depression. Anyway, at the end of a week, Bennie an' me both had just earned five cents. Of course, we do lots of deliverin' for Dad, but there isn't any money in that.

An' then one day I did mention the new suit to Mother kind o' careless like, to see what she'd say. She took in a long breath when I mentioned it, an' then let it out slow an' soft, like she always does whenever I mention Bennie. Then she says she intends that Bennie'll have a stuffed suit just as soon as he gets into high school. She says a suit like that is too expensive for a little boy like Bennie is now an' there isn't much money for anythin' on account o' the bad times. An' then she wiped her eyes an' let out a long, soft breath again, like she always does whenever she speaks about Bennie.

No, there didn't seem to be any money anywhere, not that me an' Bennie could get ahold of, an' Bennie was just pullin' himself along, without any jump in him at all, when I thought o' somethin'.

I thought of it for a minute, then I quit, for I didn't like thinkin' of it at all. But the thing kept comin' back to me, buzzin' round an' round like a mosquito does. It'd come to me at recess when I saw Bennie with the

other fellows an' noticed how different he looked. I'd never thought of it at all until the new boy came. But now, somehow, I seemed to keep noticin' all the time how different Bennie looked.

And then one night I dreamed about it. I dreamed that Bennie had a stuffed suit an' you'd scarcely know he had a lump at all. But, on account o' Bennie havin' the stuffed suit, I was wearin' my old one an' it had patches on the seat. An' the funniest thing, Valerie was there, too, with the prettiest dress I'd ever seen on her, the frilliest an' the pinkest. An' she turned up her nose an' laughed at my patches.

Even when I woke up I kept thinkin' o' Valerie an' that pink dress that was just like the inside of a rosebud. I kept thinkin' o' Valerie an' wonderin' what she'd say to me if I really had a lot o' patches on, not one or two little ones like I have sometimes, but a whole lot. Would she really turn up her nose at me? I was sure she



wouldn't. Valerie isn't that kind of a girl. I thought about Valerie a whole lot, wonderin' about those patches.

An' then one day at noon, Mother said she'd really have to get us some new outfits of some kind, or we'd be in rags. An' just as soon as Mother said that an' I saw Bennie kind o' squeeze himself together, I knew what I was goin' to do. I knew right away. I was goin' to wear my old suit as long as it would hang together.

I got ahold o' Jackie right away an' coaxed him to be willin' to do without a new suit if he needed to. I told him maybe he wouldn't need to. He didn't like the idea at all at first. Jackie's only ten. But I told him all about how nice a stuffed suit'd be on our brother an' how you'd scarcely know Bennie had a lump at all, if only he had a stuffed suit. An' I told him he could have my aggie, the big one with six colors in it. An' he could take my trick board to school, the one I win marbles with. An' I told him not to say anything about it to Bennie.

Oh, it was easy enough to talk Jackie into it. I wasn't so sure about Mother an' Dad.

But I went after them the first chance I had an' told them what I wanted to do. Mother didn't say a word. She just walked over to the window, an' I was afraid she was cryin'. But Dad just sat an' looked at me for a long time as though he'd never seen me before.

Then he said, "What do you suppose Bennie'll say to all this?"

I told him right off quick that Bennie was never to know a thing about it.

"An' what," Dad wanted to know, quick an' sharp, "will he say when he finds out?"

An' I told him again that Bennie wasn't to find out ever. Bennie was just to think that Mother got him his stuffed suit an' I was waitin' a while before I was to get mine.

"See here," says Dad, "Bennie's no selfish baby. Do you think he'd like to be treated as if he was?"

An' that made me mad. I told Dad that Bennie wasn't a baby—about anythin' else except a stuffed suit.

Dad stopped lookin' at me as soon as I said that an' looked down quick at his hands. His mouth was shut so tight an' he had a funny look on his face. After a while he looked up again an' said, soft as soft:

"All right, Sir Galahad. I'll talk to Mother about this an' let you know what we think."

That night he called me over to him an' says it'll be fine with him an' Mother, an' Bennie can have his stuffed suit if—was I willin' to wear lots o' patches when my pants go into holes, as Mother's afraid they were goin' to do pretty soon? He says Mother's willin' to patch me up just as nice as ever she can, but am I willin' to wear the patches? He says not to say yes till I'm sure, for this is a business matter between me an' him, an' Mother, an' of course he expects me to keep my share o' the bargain.

Well—it sounded awfully serious, the way Dad said it, an' I thought hard for a minute. I thought o' Valerie all in frilly pink an' wondered what Valerie'd think o' patches.

An' then I thought o' Bennie—Bennie in a nice new stuffed suit.

An' as soon as I thought o' Bennie in a *stuffed suit* I knew I was sure. You bet. I just said quick as anythin', "Can I be the one to tell Bennie?"

"An' that made me mad. I told Dad that Benny wasn't a baby—about anything else except a stuffed suit."

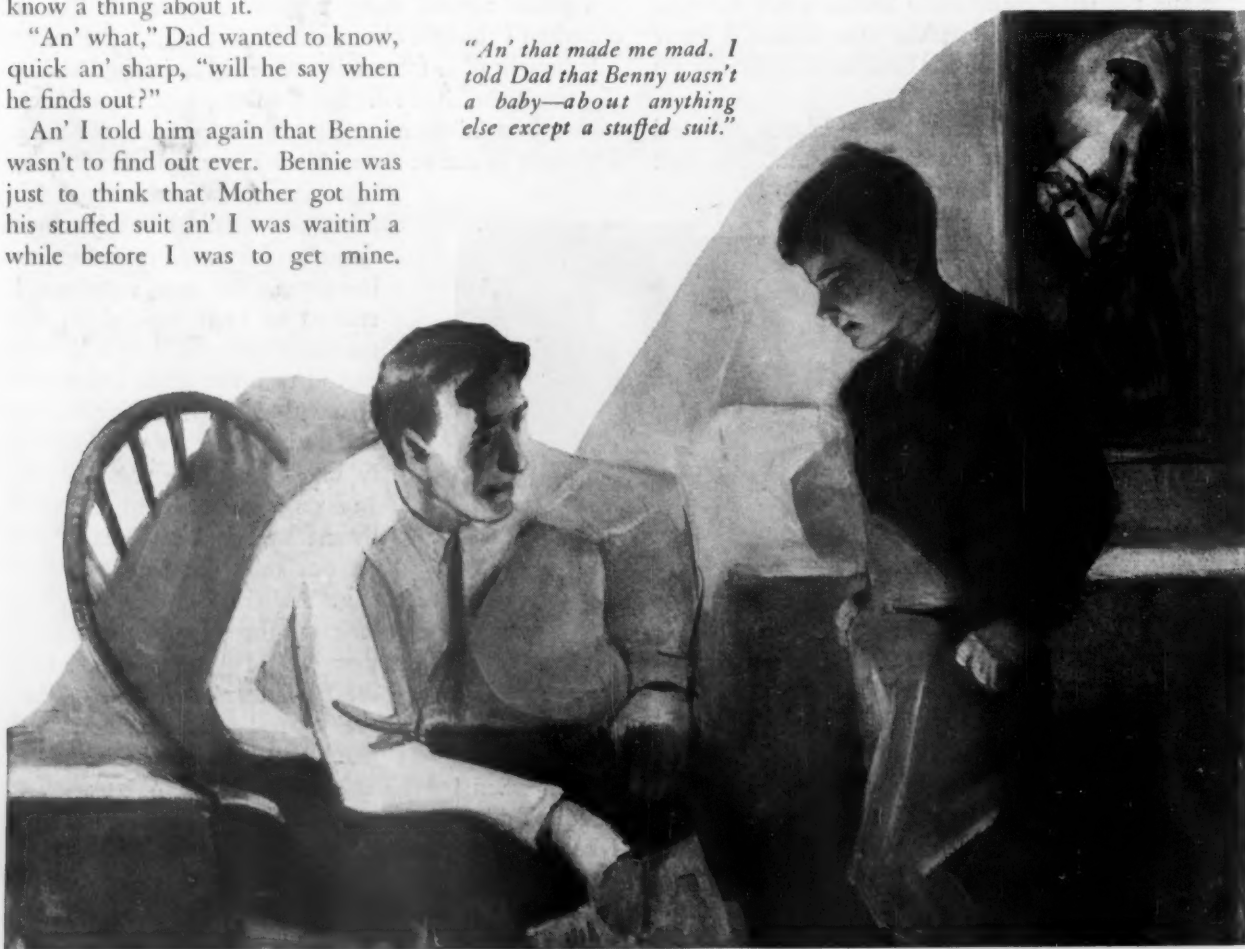




Photo: Acme

H. H. the Rajah of Sarawak, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke (above), first honorary member of the recently organized Rotary Club of Kuching. . . . **Bruce M. Pearce** (below), president of the Ontario-Quebec Weekly Newspapers Association, whose *Simcoe Reformer* was three times named Canada's best weekly newspaper. He is a Past President of the Simcoe Club.

Rotarians in Headlines



H. E., Vice-Admiral Sir Humphrey Thomas Walwyn (above) who, following a distinguished naval career, has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland. The Rotary Club of St. John's, Newfoundland, has elected him an honorary member.



Photo: Rotarian Akkersdyk, Durban

General Hon. James B. M. Hertzog (above), Durban Rotarian, Prime Minister since 1924, and Minister of External Affairs since 1929, of South Africa. . . . **Baron Shosuke Sato** (below), Governor of Rotary's 70th District (Japan) and founder of the Sapporo Rotary Club. For 40 years he was president of the famed Hokkaido Imperial University.



Photo: Baker

John Howell J. Upham, M.D. (above), dean of the Ohio State University College of Medicine, at Columbus, whose notable career has been climaxed with the presidency of the American Medical Association.



Clayton Rand (above), Gulfport, Miss., past Governor of Rotary's 17th District, president of the National Editorial Association. . . . **Orville Clyde Pratt** (right), for 21 years superintendent of schools, Spokane, Wash., authority on school finance, is now president of the National Educational Association.



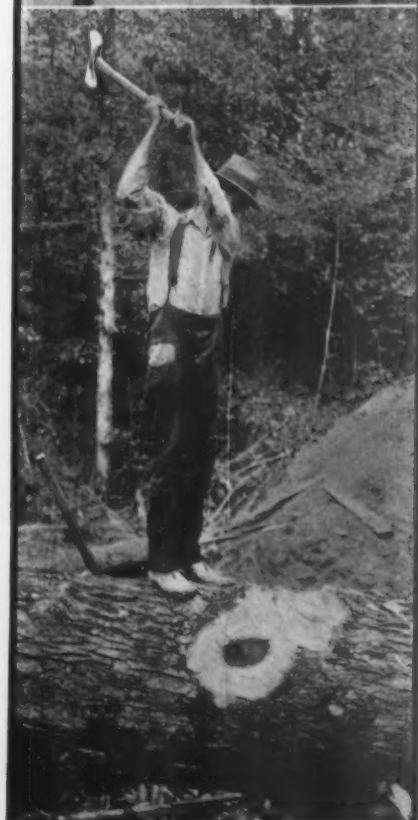
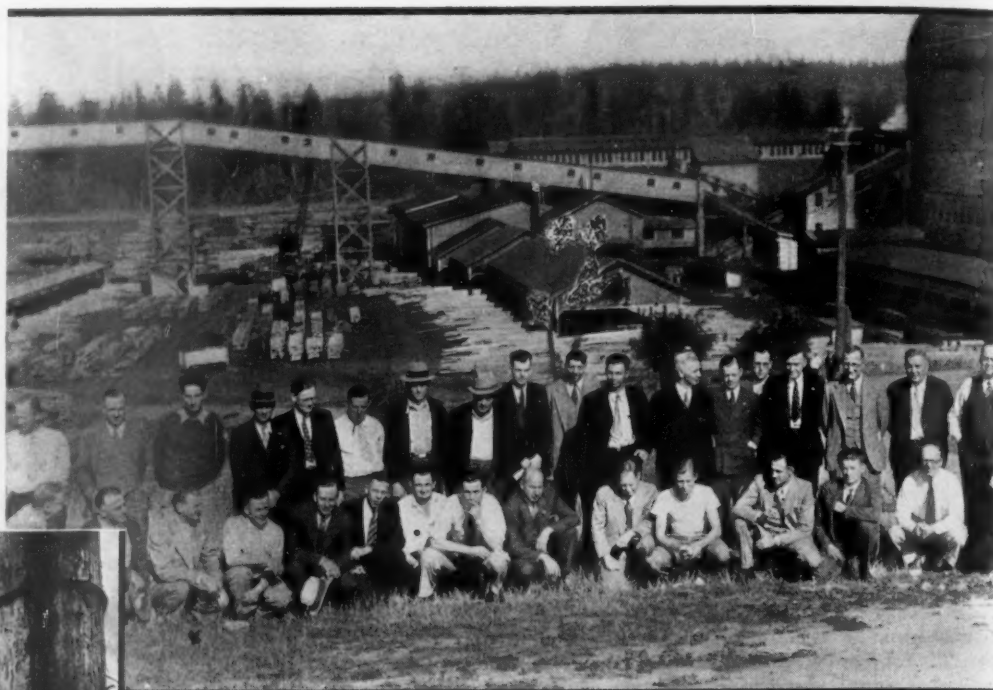
Photo: Wide World

Edward Johnson (above), tenor, long-time star of opera on three continents, and honored with decorations from several European governments, who is now managing director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York. He is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Guelph, Ontario, Canada, his birthplace.

These men, representing loggers, creosoters, mill employees, and others, drafted a labor contract which continued for a year and then was renewed for 12 months more . . . Mr. Wheeler, representing the employers, is third from left in the front row.

Below: a tree-topper scaling a tree. Note the saw dangling from his foot . . . A trimmer at work.

Photos: Galloway; Eastman Kodak



Personal Personnel Problems

By Farnsworth Crowder

ATTEMPTING to reduce success to a scheme or formula or to expose its "secret" is an old and fascinating puzzle that will never be quite solved. For what is success, anyhow? What in common have St. Francis and Pierpont Morgan, Joan of Arc and Alice Roosevelt, Robert Browning and Jack Dempsey, Henry Ford and Rudolph Valentino? What proposition could possibly encompass and explain any half-dozen eminent people? Isn't it of the very essence of the outstanding individual that he is outside the rules, that he is a contradiction, an exception, a mutant, a law unto himself?

These "secrets" of success that we have heard from the days we were in knee pants—what are they worth? As we have grown older, we have found that one man's ladder to the sky is another man's shoot-the-chutes; that success is all mixed up with chance, pull, and the lucky "break." We have seen men born to position, others kicked upstairs into it, and yet others fighting like mad for it only to land in heartbreaking failure. And to top our cynicism, haven't we heard, even unto boredom, of the man whose "secret" is so shabby that nothing short of grand-jury indictments can drag it out of him? What can we conclude but that success has many a "secret," decent and dirty, and that it has no inevitable connection with virtue? Nobody seriously considers the Devil a failure.

You say, "Well, it all depends on what one means by success." Quite right. Success is, like progress and goodness, a word of many colors. Even for the purposes of this story, I am proposing no definition. But I am going to present an example of success and a formula for its attainment.

Before ever I saw Charlie Wheeler, relishing his apple pie and making his old pipe snuffle, I was puzzled at what I had heard about him; it did not seem to suggest a personality sufficiently overbearing and ruthless to account for the spectacular rise of the McCormick Steamship Company to become one of the few really lusty and profitable units in that most hapless sector of American business enterprise, the merchant marine.

How had Charlie Wheeler managed it? What was he like, face to face? What was his "secret"?

Within five minutes after we had met, he was giving it away but I had not the wits to recognize it. I simply knew that I was dodging clamorous traffic while a genial man in a straw hat ran interference and enthused about his assistant.

"The way to get a man who will do a first-rate job is not to hire and then hope for the best. The thing to do is *make* your man.

"This boy, now," came between snuffles. "I spotted him at Stanford, still an undergraduate. He had been dreaming

of the consular service or maybe a berth with the Department of Commerce. He did some researches in the field of foreign trade that I liked. By the time he was ready to graduate, I believed I wanted him. I thought I could make something out of him. But he didn't know enough about shipping. That's essential—knowing enough. So I put him with his new bride aboard one of our vessels, assigned them some special studies, and sent them off for a year to survey our line. He came back to us, knowing something about the business and with his reports beautifully done. I put that boy to work as my assistant, and now. . . ."

Yes, yes; I thought, but assistants didn't build your steamship company. That's what I want to hear—how, 15 years ago, your firm started out with the modest intention of operating a few old schooners up and down the Pacific littoral—lumber from the Northwest to California, return cargoes of general merchandise; how, with almost half its life spent in the trough of the great depression, the company has prospered; how the old lumber schooners have given place to a fleet of 35 Class A-1 merchantmen steaming an annual million and a half miles to do an annual 10-million-dollar business; how a coastwise route from Seattle to San Diego has become a complex of lines tying New York to Vancouver, netting the West Indies, and circumscribing the continent of South America; how a handful of men has grown to a crew and personnel of 2,500 employees; how, despite depression, despite shrinking sea traffic, the company

has withdrawn no tonnage from operation, retained employees, cut no payrolls and, through it all, never sailed in red ink.

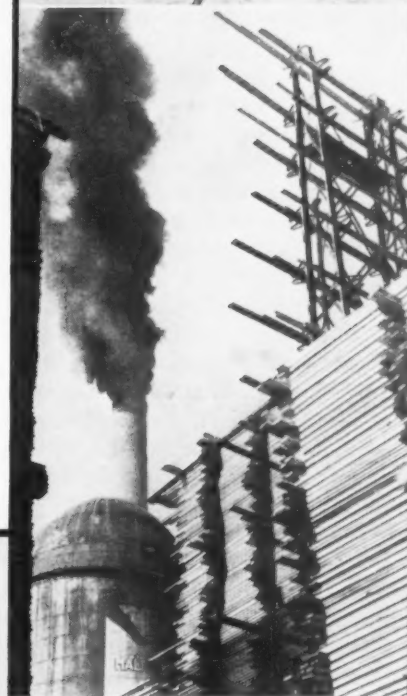
This was the sort of thing that needed explanation, yet here was the master of the line, seated now at a luncheon table anticipating his apple pie, and talking about a brilliant boy out of Stanford University! No. He had switched. He was telling me, in the vein of paternal pride, about the manager of his Portland terminal.

"Still a young man, but doing a splendid piece of work. . . . Has been president of the Merchant's Exchange, president of the Portland Rotary Club, president of the Employer's Association . . . has been appointed a member of the Port Commission of Oregon. . . ."

Very interesting, yes. But suppose now, Mr. Wheeler, that we get around to the story of the McCormick Company—in terms of balance sheets, daring innovations, tough financing accomplished, services improved, competitors outwitted, contracts written, new territories pioneered.

But it was not to be; not yet. He had to work off his delight in the achievements of the New York manager.

"Started as a shipping clerk in our rate department, became chief clerk, then home office manager of our South American service . . . studied law meantime . . . took the State bar examinations . . . went to the Atlantic Coast and has handled his work so well that prominent transportation executives tell me they consider him one of the outstanding minds in the whole shipping field." He



Photos: (top) Orville Loran Snider; (center and bottom) Ewing Galloway



Roaring trucks (top) carry the logs to the mills where they are quickly shuttled to blades that transform them into boards of varying dimensions. After a period of seasoning, the lumber is shipped to markets.

McCormick Line ships carry much lumber to the south, bringing back produce . . . Left: the active harbor at San Francisco, California.

held up an indicative finger as he spoke.

"The management of a business is the management of men. *Help make the men and the men will make the business.*"

I gave a surprised jerk. "What was that?" I said.

He repeated himself and I caught the first glimmer of the "secret."

That glimmer has now become a large certainty: Charles Wheeler is preëminently a personnel manager. He is much more, but he is that first. In him there are none of the arrogant attributes of the old domineering little-Napoleon type of business leadership. His is not a dictatorial but a sympathetic personality. He glories not in bossing others but in shaping opportunities for the other fellow to get to the top. You learn that his employees are not grudging mercenaries laboring only for hire. You begin to find that he has got so much done because he has inspired others with a willingness to do it. You see that he takes immense satisfaction, even at the expense of profits, in exciting in his men a sense of partnership.

You feel his instinctive concurrence in John Galsworthy's simple creed: "God is the helping of man by man. That . . . is the only faith which, being essentially practical, will steady, comfort, and uplift us again."

SO much—which is all too little—for the "secret." What now about the formula? When Mr. Wheeler sets about it to fashion an assistant, a chief clerk, a manager, how does he proceed, what does he offer, what does he take for a model?

He is probably unaware that he is his model. It is out of his own career and observation of men that he has extracted the formula. It is not something that he spun during some pious high-minded evening in his study. It is not moralistic; it is pragmatic.

"Often, gratifyingly often, I have seen it work," he says. "Making my junkets from port to port, in the States, in Latin America, I rehash the old formula with the men and we find that it has done service and that it is still potent—that it can still make them more efficient, useful, and successful individuals."

Here it is:

Development of Personality + Acquisition of Knowledge + Direction of Energy = Growth and Achievement.

Very nice, you say. Looks simple, sounds noble—means nothing.

But wait. Perhaps it can be given meaning.

Everybody has a personality of some sort, in that everybody radiates an im-

pression. Many people are inclined to resign themselves fatalistically to their personalities as if they were as unalterable as the color of their eyes. They say, "Too bad, but thus-and-so is the way I am and I can't help it." Or they say,

'Business Minding Its Business'

—is the title given to a series of articles of which this is the third. . . .

The No. 1 installment was a discussion of the businessman's responsibility to his craft, as exemplified by Al Carder, restaurateur. Last month, C. Canby Balderston described the efforts of a Philadelphia manufacturer to outwit the unemployment cycle through unemployment reserves. . . . The current installment introduces a sequence of three articles which will explore employer-employee problems.—Ed.

"Why shouldn't I drink twice as much as normal and lose my temper with impunity? I'm a hyperthyroid. Born that way. I can't help it."

Of course there is something in such fatalism; you can't grow violets from turnip seed. But given the will, the incentive, and stimulating surroundings, men are capable of astonishing changes. Education, applied religion, practical psychology, and medicine are all grounded on the assumption that humans can be altered.

Mr. Wheeler, for his purposes of character renovation and alteration, has broken down personality into ten somewhat less vague qualities or characteristics, as follows:

APPEARANCE	POLITENESS
DEPENDABILITY	TEMPERANCE
LOYALTY	ADROITNESS
COÖPERATION	DIPLOMACY
MODESTY	INTEGRITY OF PURPOSE

He requests the man he is interviewing to note these on a card. "Then I suggest that he go to Webster's Dictionary for definitions, so that the words may cease to be words and become ideas."

My objection was, "Suppose, Mr. Wheeler, that your promising young man loses his card, forgets the words and the ideas? One can't develop personality by looking up things in the dictionary."

But ascertaining the meaning of

words, I was assured, is only a preliminary detail. He expects his promising young man to retain his card and refer to it regularly, every week or, better, every day. The discipline is worthless if it is abandoned. Let him take a few minutes, say before he turns in at night, to consider how he has got on.

What sort of *appearance* has he been showing lately? . . . Has the boss, the wife, the Community Chest Committee found him dependable? Or did he forget that promise, neglect to make that telephone call, put off finishing that report because the afternoon was so beastly hot? . . . Was he being quite loyal when he fell in with that "catty" session in the locker room where some of the boys were ripping the boss up the back?

Wasn't that pretty grudging coöperation he gave the rate department in that matter of the figures Jones requested—simply because he doesn't fancy Jones? . . . Lord yes, he was anything but courteous to that poor flustered chap who ran into him on the ferry . . . Two packs of cigarettes today? Too many. And better not take so many cocktails this week-end and feel like a sick surly wolf all Monday and half of Tuesday.

And has he been clumsy trying to smooth out that mess between the two cliques in the office! Clumsy and undiplomatic. Not only is there still bad blood in the office, but now some of the men are down on *him*. . . . And that reading in maritime law—why has he let that lapse? Why has he quit tennis after all that outlay for equipment and togs? He really likes the game, too. Nothing very purposeful in such fizzling out. . . .

"If a man will give himself an honest self-examination, regularly," Mr. Wheeler declares, "he will begin, not only to know himself but to better himself. Just as surely as the sun rises, continued application will excite momentum and carry the individual along with less and less painful conscious effort."

Personality, as Mr. Wheeler thinks of it, is not something that can be put on like a new suit. It can be woven, improved upon, bit by bit. The thought, the wish, the desire, even the determination is not enough. Development demands action. One does not cease to be socially clumsy and become diplomatic and polite by making a New Year's resolution, but only through active participation in real-life situations that require social skill. That desired air, manner, impression of mastiff dependability can, in time, belong to the person who from day to day disposes of responsibilities as they come.

Personality develops, not as it is merely

thought upon, prayed over, or despaired of, but, like the muscular system, only as it is exercised.

The second term of our formula is: *Acquisition of Knowledge.*

Mr. Wheeler says, "Sometimes I think the most important business discovery I ever made for myself was that departments in our company were growing in proportion to the growing knowledge of the men in them. And it is this element which is capable of the greatest and most continuous development."

Accordingly, the promising young employee enters on his card these items:

THE continual acquisition of knowledge pertaining to the vocation chosen.
The continual acquisition of knowledge pertaining to the vocations of those whom the individual would serve.

Call them curricular and extracurricular knowledge.

In discussing them with an employee, Mr. Wheeler helps him chart an educational program. Technical books and magazines are supplied if desired and arrangements are made whereby the company will join in the expense of extension courses in night- and part-time schools.

Mr. Wheeler likens the fully alert man to the stock company actor who is playing one part, rehearsing another, and studying a third—all the while capitalizing on the tricks learned in rôles played weeks, months, years ago. In other words, knowledge must be acquired continually, checked, sorted, doubted, changed, and discarded lest it become a frozen encumbrance of prejudices and inertias in the mind.

Extracurricular knowledge, in truth a busy extracurricular life, is one of Mr. Wheeler's enthusiasms. In mapping the educational program with an employee, he liked to couple it with a plan for personal cultural growth and for community service. He himself, with a lively social conscience, is active in all sorts of good works in his own city and feels strongly that a rounded life cannot exclude these things. And—necessary

corollary—one cannot be effective in them unless he *knows*.

Knowledge, backed with charm and force of personality, certifies a person before all sorts of men; it makes him welcome, wins friends, sells goods, enlarges sympathy and comprehension.

Mr. Wheeler tells about his dentist. "Whenever I go there the fellow seems to know everything that has been going on in maritime circles. Naturally I am pleased, even flattered. Maybe it doesn't make the man a better dentist as such, but it makes me a better patient. I tell you, no platitude wears better than the old one: 'Knowledge Is Power.'"

The third term of our formula—*Direction of Energy*—is to the plan what steam is to a locomotive. The finest personal endowment, the best of brains, are so much idle equipment growing rusty on a siding, if there is not the vitality to drive them.

Energy, to Mr. Wheeler's way of thinking, and as he outlines it for our promising employee's card, is broken down into eight concepts:

CAPACITY	INITIATIVE
JUDGMENT	ENTHUSIASM
AMBITION	RESPONSIVENESS
VITALITY	PERSISTENCE

Again, Mr. Wheeler would have these terms looked up in Webster's. He would have a man measure himself regularly against them. And to save them from being simply inert high-sounding words, he would have the individual translate them, through action, into forceful concepts which will, in time and with vigilance, become integral subconscious parts of a going psychic mechanism that drives toward superior performances.

And so it is that, with knowing Charlie Wheeler in person, with talking to employees and associates, I have come to see that the success of company and man are not at variance with his personality and his philosophy. His interest in that fine young man who is his assistant is clear to me now, not only for its warmly human quality but for its business ex-

pediency. Men *are* the brain, the senses, the nervous system of any organization.

His satisfaction in the personal and business history of the rate clerk who became the firm's Atlantic Coast representative is quite understandable; for there was a young man whose passion for knowledge, actively indulged, carried him along and with him the interest of the company.

HERE, I should mention Mr. Wheeler's attitude toward planning for the future. Like the Du Ponts, who have well-nigh made a fetish of looking ahead to tomorrow's needs and products, he has always endeavored to foresee and forecast. While still a young man hustling in the lumber business, he was seeing that around lumber could he build a steamship line just as logically as United Fruit had built around bananas. Long before McCormick went into the Latin-American trade with its Argentine-Brazil connections, he was studying from every angle the commercial possibilities for such a route. And long before he turned lieutenants loose to pioneer the Pacific-West Indian trade, he was studying it. Always, suggested expansions and proposed alterations of policy have been preceded by a prodigious amount of research.

Charlie Wheeler's satisfaction in the civic activities of the Portland terminal manager fits into his theory that the businessman in a businessman's civilization is under a special obligation to the total community: in and out of his office it is imperative that he attempt to extend to others a greater and greater share of the goods, services, and benefits that are now potentially available to everyone. He has scant patience with those men who hold, cynically and with monstrous selfishness, that the restless masses of mankind can be "kept in their place" with temporary bribes. He feels that the businessman, if for no other reason than to save himself, must demonstrate at every turn that his triumph is the triumph of a whole system and a total society.

A group of executives of the McCormick Company. Every man is hand picked and carefully trained for work he is to do.



Ducks Beltward Bound

By Karl K. Krueger

*We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live with-
out heart;*

*We may live without friends; we may live with-
out books;*

*But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
—From Owen Meredith's "Lucile."*

EATING, a good many men find, is a pleasant and worth-while custom. So pleasant and so universal, indeed, is it that it can probably be set down as civilization's richest single source of (unbreathed and unborn) poems.

You may have felt it. A thick juicy steak lies before you, crying for the thrust of your fork, the tear of your knife. To prolong your pleasure, you hesitate a moment. You are so happy, so transported that you would like to weep, but you do not, for you remember suddenly that steak sauce is best on steak.

At this moment, or one moment earlier, perhaps, you contain a poem, and if you could but articulate your feelings you should rise as a maker of verses. But you don't try. You do the sensible thing. You eat steak.

And your friend across from you, what is he doing? He is eating steak, too. As you study his countenance and note the rise and fall of his adam's apple and the expansion of his girth, you share vicariously and deeply in his pleasure. You know just what he is going through. You, as it were, enjoy not only your own steak but your neighbor's also. And what friendly feelings you have for him!

Of that bond that exists among friends at board together, Rotary has always made good capital in its weekly luncheons but nowhere has it been better used than in the intercity dinners which hundreds of Rotary Clubs over the world hold each year, many of them celebrating one particular viand.

There is, for instance, the Rotary Club of Burlington, Iowa, with its yearly meeting of a dozen Clubs, in which, literally, flocks of roasted wild ducks disappear beltward. With the Rotary Club of New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, hundreds of Rotarians gather once a year to eat buckwheat cakes and sausage which are tra-

ditionally and, according to those who attend, actually the crispest and best (respectively) in the world. Once a year, Dijon in France holds a *Foire Gastronomique* (a gastronomic fair), and one day of the feast is Rotary Day. Rotarians from all over the locality visit the fair and do (well, what would you do if you went to a gastronomic fair?) considerable hearty eating. Up in The Rotary Club of Tirlemont, Belgium, they deck the board festively, heaping toothsome braised game on it, and call in brother Rotarians from neighboring Clubs to their Annual Hunt Dinner.

Stuttgart, Arkansas, Rotarians, stout huntsmen all, held their first duck dinner nine years ago and haven't missed holding one since. Last year 450 Rotarians from 30 Clubs attended, and when

the ducks yielded the spotlight, a host of attendants from Rotary International, who were present, carried on.

But getting back to Burlington and her duck dinners,

now a tradition of 13 years standing. "It's almost as much fun promoting the dinner as eating it," writes one member (all of which sounds a bit like an overstatement). Here is what happened in that neighborhood one year:

To many a Rotarian along the Upper Mississippi went a thick, white envelope, a good average envelope. With a heavy "ho hum," the many, on their daily line-smash through the morning mail, unsealed the envelope, snatched out the contents, leaped back flabbergasted amidst a swirl of duck feathers shot out of the letter by a tricky rubber-band device.

By that token were the many summoned to the annual intercity duck dinner of the Rotary Club of Burlington. And not one of them had the remotest wish to evade the server of this summons.

Last year, 450 Rotarians appeared for the dinner, and the trick that turned them Burlington-ward went something like this: To each of the dozen Clubs invited was sent a live mallard, with him instructions to fatten him, bring him to the duck dinner, and enter him there in weight and beauty contests.

The dinner at hand, came the ducks and, of course, their eager, confident backers. On parade, one duck waddled along, dressed like the little redcap in the tobacco advertisements. Another, impeccable in evening attire, swept boldly along, monocle, cut-away coat, cane, and all. And one duck, poor misguided thing, had to be ruled smack out of the contest where he didn't belong at all. His Club, too anxious to win the weight prize, had substituted him (a common barnyard heavyweight whom they painted carefully with red and brown and green) for the sleek mallard the Burlington Rotarians had sent.

A year or two ago Rotarians of Richmond, Michigan, and of Richmond, Kentucky, started an attendance contest. The losers, the Kentuckians, sent the Michiganites a supply of Old Burley tobacco calculated to hold the gentlemen on the north for a time. In a following battle the Kentuckians, again losers, withheld the Old Burley, invited the Michigan Rotarians to come down and "try" some authentic Southern cooking with them. That tore down the Michigan defense, and all the members of Richmond, Michigan, Rotary, travelling 400 miles, spent three days away from their businesses, and glowed with the fellowship—and the food—of the Rotarians in Richmond.

Then, too, some Clubs individually hold annual dinners built around certain substantial and delicious viands. Birmingham, Michigan, Rotarians have an Ox Roast Dinner each year, and North Canton, Ohio, Rotarians celebrate a Venison Dinner once every 12 months.

The menu of the annual Crab Feast of the Rotary Club of Baltimore is thoroughly provocative to anyone who doesn't attend—it's so irresistible: 115 dozens of crabs, 25 pounds of crab flake, 200 pounds of beef, 50 pounds of frankfurters, etc., etc.

Rotarian gourmets in the Far East rhapsodized over this tiffin menu of the Rotary Club of Tientsin, China: hell fire soup, fish a la Li Ta, griff chicken, otto chops, pasha peas, ming potatoes, miche pudding, cheese, coffee.

There is, it is no doubt true, nothing like getting together in Rotary's "easy fellowship," but there is *nothing* like getting together in that same fellowship over a platter of—well, juicy, brown, roast duck, for instance.



Coöperate But Don't Duplicate

By Albert S. Adams

*President, Rotary International, 1919-20**

THE BRIGHTNESS of the sunshine symbolizes the friendships of Rotary; the fragrance of the flowers, the service Rotary inspires us to render; the songs of the birds, the glad fellowship of its meetings.

On the foundation of regular attendance at Club meetings rests the attainment of Rotary's objective. There is no such thing in Rotary as "absent treatment." The chronic absentee does not give to Rotary. He receives nothing from it. He is a burden to the Club, a faulty cog on the wheel.

Without regular attendance, a Club cannot promote acquaintance. Minus such acquaintance, there can be none of that good fellowship which must come before lasting friendships can be formed, and it is to the deep and lasting friendships made in Rotary that we owe our greatest progress.

Some may have thought at times that too much stress was being placed on the matter of attendance, but in my judgment the increase in attendance at Club meetings has been the outstanding cause for much of the progress made by the Clubs during the past few years.

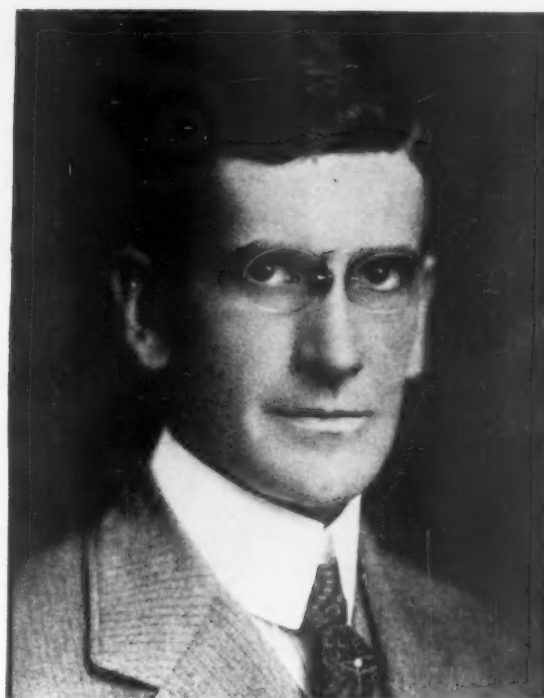
Another important factor in our program—the craving for which brought Rotary into existence; the thing that will keep Rotary a living, vital force in the world for all time; the very foundation of our organization—is friendship.

Acquaintance, fellowship, friendship, is there anything more needed in the world today? Acquaintance: Really getting to know the other fellow, seeing his side of things, finding out his hopes, his dreams, his ambitions, his joys, and his sorrows are about the same as your own.

Friendship, not fair-weather friendship that rejoices only in another's success and happiness, but the kind that stands by with help and encouragement when the other fellow is down on his luck—friends that believe in him and stick to him, but

Another installment in the series of messages from men who have been Rotary Presidents.

A portrait favored by Past President Adam's most intimate friends.



who do not wait until the lamp burns low to tell him of their love for him.

Rotary is a wonderful study, and while many think they are postgraduates, most of us are still in the primary grades. Did you ever try to answer the question of a stranger, "What is Rotary?" How many of you could, if called on suddenly, give a really satisfactory definition? The great thing that Rotary education is doing for men is: furnishing the opportunity and creating the desire to "do something for somebody else." The education of Rotarians, through service, covers every form of activity, and touches at every point of community life, bringing to him a realization of his responsibilities and duties as a man and as a citizen.

NEVER in the history of the world have the principles for which Rotary stands been needed as they are today, and when we have carried the message of Rotary to all the world, we will have made a great contribution to modern times. If we Rotarians of today will do our part, I can see a great Congress of Rotary, bringing together men from all parts of the world, mingling in friendliness and spirit, gathered together not to barter or to sell; not to change the boundary lines of weaker and less-favored nations; not to see how much each can get for himself; and not to prove to the other "I am greater than thou and therefore can live to myself alone"; but to prove that coöperation is better than competition—that it is better to give than to receive.

Affiliation with Rotary places a responsibility on every Rotarian to conduct himself in his business or profession and in

his public and private life, according to Rotary ideals. It places on every Rotary Club the responsibility to be all the name implies; to choose as officers only men who can represent Rotary worthily, and to take into its membership only those who will interpret its principles properly.

If Rotary is to lead in Boys Work, Rotarians must be leaders in every respect, for the man is the ideal of the boy, and each of us must give him an ideal worthy of his expectations. Be sure that you ring true, for a boy sees through sham and insincerity quicker than any adult can.

Rotary must never let itself be committed to or connected up with any particular field of Boys Work or organization doing Boys Work to the exclusion of others. Rotary must not duplicate in any line, but coöperate with all, supplementing where a need is not supplied, coördinating where there is overlapping.

The saddest thing in the world is an organization that is forever resolving, and then fails to transform resolutions into action. Remember that Rotary cannot solve all the problems, nor carry all the load, and the fewer things we endorse the greater influence our endorsement when given. Let's stake our reputation on doing a few things well rather than many things poorly.

Let us urge our Clubs to be groups whose first principle is *the development of the individual* and not the settlement of every problem confronting the world; Clubs where a man is given the opportunity to form friendships, to which he can go for cheerfulness and inspiration, Clubs where there is not too much fun and not too much seriousness.

*Extracts from the annual President's address, as recorded in *The Official Proceedings*, of 1920. Albert S. Adams died on December 31, 1926. For further biographical data turn to page 64.

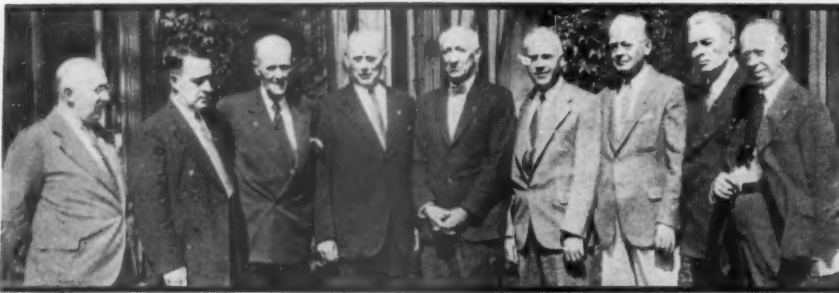


Photo: Rochester, N. Y. Democrat and Chronicle.

As the Wheel Turns

Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest.

LED. Summer heat may, at the moment, be the least of your Rotary Club's worries. If, however, you can envision fanning and gasping your way through a meeting in some future season, Tokyo, Japan, has a tip for you. There, before luncheons in hot weather, a thoughtful Rotarian gives each of his steaming fellows a cake of dry ice to tie upon his head, to lay against his cheeks, or to sit upon.

C. E. O. Change. DR. ALEX O. POTTER, European Secretary in charge of the Continental European Office of Rotary International, has asked to be relieved from that position, after six years of service. His successor has not yet been announced.

Florists. Typical of many a trade association in that it draws heavily from Rotary for its executives is the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association (FTD) which recently convened in Dallas, Tex. ROTARIAN ERNEST SIMMONS, of Toronto, Ont., Canada, was named new president to succeed ROTARIAN OTTO LANG, of Dallas. Half its board members are Rotarians. . . . One of the features of the Texas Centennial at Dallas was a remarkably well attended exhibit of flowers and feminine pulchritude. Whereas several movie stars had failed to make a notable impression on blasé Centennial attendants, some 140 models, handsomely gowned, promenading on a runway flanked with flowers, drew more than 36,000 people and called for a repeat performance, there having been more than 25,000 turned away. FTD, of course, supervised the show.

Writers' Prizes. Two contests for the publication of editorials and news stories concerning Rotary are now open to editors and writers, according to recent Board authorization. The best editorial on Rotary published in any language in any newspaper anywhere will win \$200, as will the best news story on Rotary published in any newspaper anywhere. Entries must have appeared in print between June 22, 1936, and December 31, 1936, and must arrive at the Secretariat in Chicago, Ill., not later than February 1, 1937.

Prince's Death. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE PURACHATRA, Governor of the 80th Rotary District, died at Singapore, Straits Settlements, September 14. The Prince, well known

to Rotarians throughout the world, was serving his second term as District Governor and his death means a serious loss to Rotary.

Early Scribe. "Fellowship," says JOHN W. MARSHALL, early secretary of the Rotary Club of Chicago, "kept Rotary together at the start—fellowship and a 50-cent fine on absences." It was he, still a member of the Chicago Club, who with FOUNDER PAUL P. HARRIS, petitioned the State of Illinois for Rotary's original charter.

Converter. PAUL WHITEMAN, dean of music in the modern mode, and his orchestra converted any doubters to its cause recently when he and his band appeared in a meeting of the Rotary Club of Fort Worth, Texas. It was Rotary Day at the Texas Centennial and 500 Rotarians who had come to the city to visit were present. . . .

Of the ten men who compose the board that has promoted the Centennial, six are members of the Fort Worth Rotary Club. They are MARVIN D. EVANS, AMON CARTER, O. B. SELLERS, JOHN B. DAVIS (general manager), T. J. HARREL, WM. MONNIG.



Jean Smith

MISS JEAN SMITH, a talented college senior and its successful candidate for queen of the city's centennial celebration, that it has adopted her as its daughter. ROTARIAN EDWIN M. R. WEINER, of Beloit, painted her portrait reproduced above as he had agreed to should she become queen.

Art. Art Week is to be observed in the United States from November 8 to 14. Its sponsors, who will be grateful for any public recognition, however slight, are the American Artists Professional League and the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Surprise. Two dads at Rotary luncheon together sat turning the pages of the August ROTARIAN. "That," said one of them suddenly, pointing with his fork, probably, at a picture illustrating Leon Trigg's article on boys' camps, "that's my son!" The other dad, coming closer, exclaimed, "Why, you're absolutely right!" Right was FATHER HARRY N. CHRISTENSEN, of San An-

Australian father and son: Arthur F. Showers (left) and Allan F. of the Rotary Club of Essendon.

To help the Rotary Club of Rochester, N. Y., celebrate its 25th anniversary came many Rotary notables. Among them were these 9: (Left to right) S. B. Botsford, Buffalo, N. Y.; G. A. Barber, Batavia, N. Y.; Paul P. Harris, Rotary's Founder; Chesley R. Perry, International Secretary; G. C. Mead, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. P. Hamilton, Oneonta, N. Y.; H. S. Fish, Sayre, Pa.; W. J. Cairns, Toronto, Ont.; W. H. Campbell, Rochester.

selmo, Calif. The picture showed Boy Scouts helping to build a log cabin, this one designed and built, for the most part, by the local Post of the American Legion. While the San Anselmo Rotary Club does sponsor a Scout troop it is not the particular one pictured.

Challenge. While it's impossible to print all pictures of fishermen and their catches, can any



"Mac"

Rotarian beat the record of 71-year-old E. J. MACDERMAND of the Rotary Club of Zealand, Mich. Here he is with his 25½ pound lake trout caught during the 1936 season. Is this a record for Rotarians?

Sightless? Blind since he was 13 years old, BRYANT HARROD of the Rotary Club of Wood River, Ill., has so consummately ignored his handicap that he has built up a \$40,000 news agency business and was awarded a trophy as his town's outstanding citizen a few years ago. He addressed his Club on his vocation recently.

Warning. A short man of swarthy complexion, about 45 years of age, who assumes a rather meek manner and poses as a college professor, is going about the United States attempting to secure money on his claim to be a Rotarian and on the pretense of having had an automobile wreck, using along with others such names as "Charles Pirce," "Charles Pierce," "Robert Whiteside," and "Ward Johnson." He has claimed to be a member of several different Rotary Clubs. Usually the story is that his automobile is damaged a few miles out of town and his wife is sitting in the car waiting, but he has got into town and finds himself short of funds. Will the Rotarian whom he approaches do him the favor of cashing a small check, say \$15? Several Rotarians have done so and the check has come bouncing back to them as worthless after several days. It is hoped that this warning will be widely read and that Rotarians will thus save themselves from being mulcted.

Correction. C. L. CUMMINS, October contributor, is a Columbus, Ind.,—not Ohio—Rotarian as was stated in the Chats on Contributors.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD

Photo: (left) © Dickinson-Monteleone





Reciprocating like visits from their American sisters, these 24 English girls, 17 to 23 years old and all daughters of prominent British Rotarians, spent a month visiting in several American cities. They are shown aboard ship westbound.

Rotary Around the World

Brief news notes mirroring the varied activities of the Rotary movement.

Morocco

Film Teaches Children History

CASABLANCA—In the name of health education the Rotary Club of Casablanca took the initiative in staging a special showing of the film *Pasteur* for 1,400 children.

Australia

Consuls of 29 Nations Fêted

SYDNEY—The presence of the Consuls of 29 nations was honored in the Annual International Luncheon of the Rotary Club of Sydney held during the past Summer.

Czechoslovakia

Rotarian Artists Exhibit

TEPLICE-SANOV—Rotarian painters, sculptors, and engravers—some of the finest in the region

—who attended the latest conference of the 66th District, exhibited some of their creations for conference goers.

Denmark

450 Sail on Rotary Cruise

COPENHAGEN—Fair weather and fine sailing marked the north cruise of 450 Rotarians and their ladies aboard the *Stavangerfjord*, a transatlantic vessel. Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Finns participated in the voyage which took the company into the Baltic Sea and lasted a week.

Italy

79,000 Lire for 28 Students

TORINO—The Rotary Club of Torino is offering prizes of 500 lire each to the three young students who distinguish themselves at a vocational night school. To help the national school for the blind print books in Braille, the Club has

donated 1,000 lire. Records show that a total of 79,000 lire has been given by the Club to 28 capable young students to help them advance.

Spain

Prizes for Home Gardeners

LAS PALMAS—To the owners of the best cared-for rural homes within a certain radius of Las Palmas, the Rotary Club plans to award three prizes. The idea, the Club is glad to admit, came from the Rotary Club of Santa Cruz de Tenerife.

France

War Orphans and Refugees Find Homes

AVIGNON — Children of Spanish Rotarians whom the civil war has made orphans or refugees are being adopted by the Rotarians of the French Rotary Districts, according to reports from the Rotary Club of Avignon which initiated the idea. Gratitude for this help is coming to Rotarians of France daily.

Union of South Africa

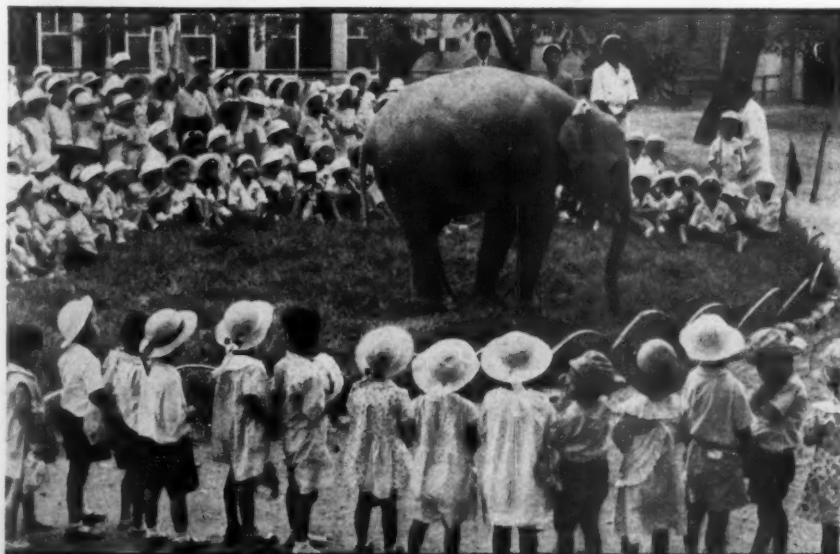
Not Napping—Fund Raising

PRETORIA—Neighbor Clubs had not heard from the Rotary Club of Pretoria in a long while and properly wondered if it were napping. The answer: the Pretoria Club had undertaken to raise £2,000 towards the establishment of a dental clinic. Constant effort had resulted in raising £1,700. Members were busy seeking—and finding—the rest.

Uruguay

Ambulance . . . Desks . . . Swim Suits

MERCEDES—Mercedes had no ambulance. That seemed a serious deficiency to members of the Rotary Club. So they organized and conducted a public campaign for funds, getting sufficient to buy the vehicle, a thing they did at once. Noting also the lack of furniture in 14 rural



A thousand pairs of little eyes blinked at the wonders of the zoo when the Rotary Club of Kyoto, Japan, gave poor children of the city an outing and goody-packed picnic.


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 to Rotary
International Convention
 at Nice
France



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Both steamers call at Cobh, Ireland; Plymouth, England; Havre, France, and Hamburg, Germany; so that you have a wide choice of arrival-ports for your pre-Convention trips. The ocean fares are moderate and a liberal reduction is made on round-trip passages.

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New York	May 19	New York	May 26
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May 23	Due	June 2	Due
Plymouth	May 25	Plymouth	June 3
Havre	Due	Havre	Due
May 28	Due	June 3	Due
Hamburg	May 31	Hamburg	June 5

**United States
 Lines**

When writing, please mention "The Rotarian"



Ninety lucky lads, last season's crop, of the camp which the Rotary Club of Guernsey, Channel Islands, has sponsored at a romantic site for eight years. Ten poor boys from a nearby community were given the adventure free of any charge.

schools, they have begun solicitation of funds in order to buy such equipment, several members having already contributed to the fund. Looking further for community services they might perform, they discovered that children in a local orphans' home, though they had a place to swim, had no swimming suits, and promptly bought them one apiece.

New Zealand

Carnival Profits for Cripples

CHRISTCHURCH—November brings Carnival Week, the proceeds of which go to an institute for the blind, to Christchurch, and as a part of that celebration the Rotary Club sells basketware. Last year the Club was able to send a check for £151 to the institute. A review of other activities of the Club undertaken during the past busy year shows that: £972 were obtained for the help of crippled children from a showing of a miniature palace; 750 poor families received food and clothes from the Club.

Canada

Carnival Nets \$3,000 for Cripples

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—More than \$3,000 to be used for crippled children work and other Community Service activities resulted from the 15th annual carnival (Community Night) held by the Rotary Club of Sault Ste. Marie. A crippled children's clinic is held each Fall; about 60 children receive treatment in it. The Club bears hospitalization costs and physicians donate their services. Sault Ste. Marie Rotarians have been providing doctors and braces and happiness for crippled children since 1922.

Campsite Donor Wins Thanks

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—Fisher's Glen on the shores of Lake Erie means something to Woodstock boys that doesn't easily go into words. It's the only place to camp, they'll tell you. And their fathers, who once felt the same way about it, agree. The Y.M.C.A. and the Rotary Club, anxious to save the Glen for the boys, have long wanted to buy it but the price has always seemed beyond reach. The climax to this story came in a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Woodstock when Dr. Weston Krupp, one of the members, arose and announced that he was ready to write a check for \$1,000 to buy 6 acres of the land in which the Glen lies. Since Dr. Krupp had warned no one of his intent, the announcement completely surprised the Club. The camp, for lads of Woodstock and Oxford counties, will be administered by a camp committee. Much

equipment and financial help has been given the camp for many years by Woodstock Rotarians.

United States

200 Extra Made It Extra Jolly

COLUMBUS, Wis.—The Rotary Club of Columbus had held 11 intercity meetings. Lately it staged its 12th. It had made plans to entertain 100 Rotarians and their ladies; 331 came. Though that fact required that cooks cook more and faster, everyone agreed that it was much



For Everyone Who Likes Dogs

WOULD you like a reproduction of this month's cover for your office or den? These "Two English Setters" are from the original painting by Lynn Bogue Hunt, internationally known portrayer of animal life. Reprints are in colors shown on the cover, but without lettering, and are on heavy pebbled paper suitable for framing. Send ten cents for each copy (stamps or coin) to Dept.-E, THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. Ask for "Two English Setters."



Rotary's President Will R. Manier, Jr., and Immediate Past President Ed. R. Johnson flank (left and right) Commodore Sir Edgar Britten (seated center) at a well-attended meeting of the "Rotary Fellowship of the Queen Mary."

jollier to have 200 more than 200 fewer than the original estimate. Eighteen cities were represented. Seven past Governors and the incumbent Governor of the District (No. 13) were present.

Seeing Was Believing

MODESTO, CALIF.—"Believe this," urge Rotarians of Modesto, "a believe-it-or-not Rotary Club program works!" They know. They had one. As many members as 40 minutes would accommodate took to the "boards" to reveal an amazing assortment of entertainment that ran from mouth-organ solos to the telling of tall tales. The dentist described his most momentous match with a patient; the collector read a stomach-doubling letter from a client; and several members spoke who hadn't planned to at all until the master of ceremonies bade them rise and do so. A questionnaire circulated in an earlier meeting had apprised the program planners of the little-known talents of the Club.

Chicken Lures 93 to Party

KIRKSVILLE, Mo.—A garden party, the high spot of which was, no doubt, the fried chicken dinner, brought 93 Rotarians and their ladies out for an evening recently. A humorous address and moving pictures comprised the program which followed.

Club Views Smallest Plane

AVON PARK, FLA.—What is believed to be the smallest passenger-carrying airplane in the world was exhibited in a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Avon Park. Built in the community, its designers were present to describe its construction and forecast its possibilities. With pilot it weighs but 450 pounds, and its wing spread is 12 feet. An aviation enthusiast in the Club introduced the two plane builders.

Student Fund Helps 50

SAVANNAH, GA.—Fifty young men have been aided in completing college work by the ten-year-old Rotary education fund of the Savannah Rotary Club, it was revealed in an objective evaluation made of the fund in a recent meeting. Only one of the 50 has not paid up his loan.

An Object Lesson on War

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—The maliciousness and

insensibility of war were made apparent to a class of high-school students here recently when a member of the Fayetteville Rotary Club conducted it through a local veterans' hospital.

Two Steps Toward World Service

NORWICH, CONN.—Two International Service projects, part of a series of objectives which it has committed itself to achieve, have been completed by the Rotary Club of Norwich in the last year. It has developed a Friendship Grove in a city park in which national groups may celebrate their festival days. It has conducted an

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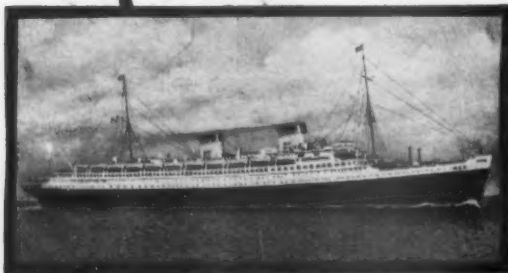
CASABLANCA

SAIL DIRECT to Nice ... in 6½ days ... on the great superliner Rex ... straight to the Convention.

OR CRUISE to Nice ... on the famous cruising liner Roma ... and enjoy five famous cruise ports en route!

EITHER WAY, enjoy a glorious Southern Route crossing ... with its Lido Deck life, swimming and sports ... and step ashore at Nice, right in the heart of things as the Rotary celebration starts! No extra traveling expenses, no transfers.

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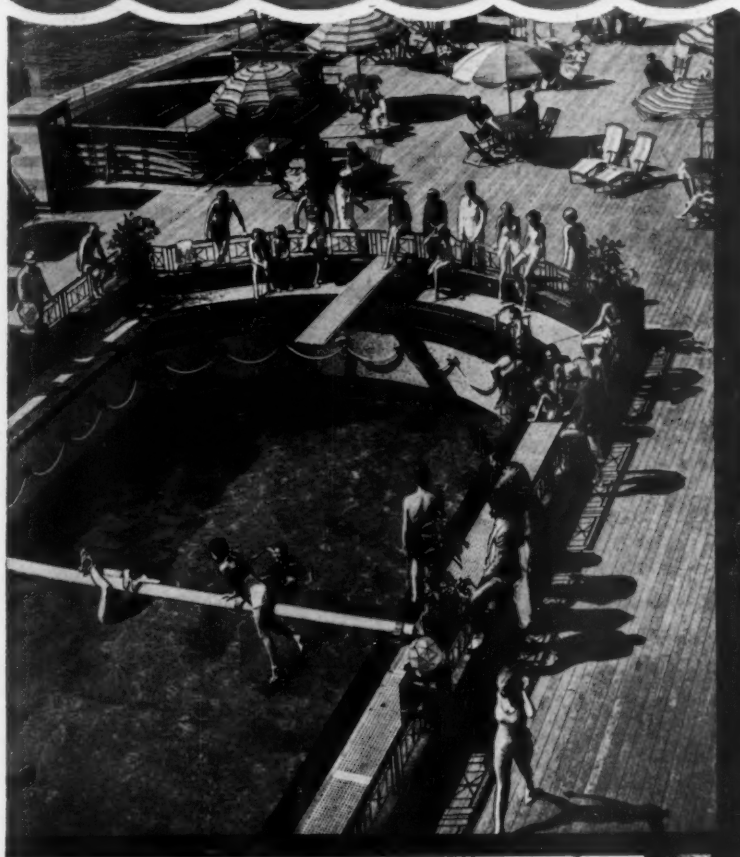


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their families will make the voyage with you—it will be a real Rotary get-together from first to last . . . aboard ship, ashore at Nice, aboard ship again on one of the return sailings!

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Read the fascinating, fully illustrated booklet describing the many delights of Lido travel . . . together with complete details of the International Convention. It is a valuable booklet, containing all the information you need. Sent free of charge, of course!

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LINE

New York: 624 Fifth Ave.; Philadelphia: 1601 Walnut St.; Boston: 86 Arlington St.; Cleveland: 944 Arcade, Union Trust Bld'g; Chicago: 333 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco: 386 Post St.; New Orleans: 1904 American Bank Bld'g; Montreal: 1133 Beaver Hall Hill; Toronto: 199 Bay St.

RETURN SAILINGS

If you plan to return immediately after the Convention, choose the first direct sailing from Nice.

Lv. Nice June 12 **ROMA**
Calling at Naples and Gibraltar
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Other convenient sailings allowing short stopover after the convention:

	Lv. Trieste	Lv. Naples	Lv. Nice & Genoa	Due N. Y.
REX	June 17	June 17	June 16	June 24
Conf. di SAVOIA	June 24	June 24	June 23	July 1
VULCANIA	June 24	June 27	June 23	July 8
REX	July 8	July 8	July 7	July 15
SATURNIA	July 8	July 11	July 7	July 22

Or enjoy longer European stopover, returning on later Italian Line sailing.

essay contest between students of a high school in Budapest, Hungary, and students in a local free academy. The Norwich essayists were guests at a Club luncheon. Friendly relations with the Rotary Club of Norwich, England, have been fostered also, an exchange of gifts having taken place between them.

Strike Off Medal for Scholar

LIBERTY, TEX.—To the local high-school student who achieved the highest scholastic standing in 1936, the Rotary Club of Liberty presented an artistically fashioned medal struck off especially for the purpose.

Countryside Tour

PAOLI-MALVERN-BERWYN, PA.—A procession of fourteen motor cars full of Rotarians threaded its way through the countryside on a historical tour lately, and a hearty picnic brought the day

to an end. Early iron furnaces now deserted invited inspection, a national park proved refreshing. The company also visited a lake project nearing completion and a camp of the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Help for Ambitious Girls

CLINTON, MO.—To help five girls realize an ambition—they needed transportation to a neighboring city where they were to learn how to organize girls' clubs—the Rotary Club of Clinton gave financial assistance.

Diners Watch City's Drivers

THE TONAWANDAS, N. Y.—To dramatize safe driving the Rotary Club of The Tonawandas enlisted the safety patrol of a large oil company. Cruising about the streets of the city during the Rotary Club luncheon, the patrol transmitted to members dining there, via short wave broad-

cast, their observations on driving habits of local citizens. With an automobile driver whom they picked as the most careful one on the streets, the members of the patrol later appeared on the Club program. A prize of five dollars from the Rotary Club went to that driver as a reward for at all times doing the sane thing—driving carefully.

A Round Roundtable

LITTLETON, COLO.—About round tables the Rotary Club of Littleton is literal-minded. Its weekly luncheon is served on a circular table 23 feet in diameter, patterned after the Rotary wheel. The cogs serve as ash tray holders. Visitors exclaim enthusiastically about the table's good influence on fellowship.

Microbiographies Aid Fellowship

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Believing that "every man in the Club has done something noteworthy at some time, and it is important to the entire Club to know about it," the Rotary Club of East Orange has begun a Know-Your-Fellow-Members-Better Campaign. In the monthly meeting in which birthdays are recognized, thumbnail sketches of members being so honored are presented. Each member acts as biographer of some other member.

Birthday Letters Brighten Day

SIoux FALLS, S. DAK.—"No occasion," says the President of the Sioux Falls Rotary Club, "gives me a finer chance to compliment a member on his civic services and general worth than his birthday." For that reason to each Sioux Falls Rotarian, on his birthday, he sends a personal letter of congratulation and encouragement. The self-esteem of members who may have felt too little noticed has risen, it is said, because of the letters.

Beautify City Gateway

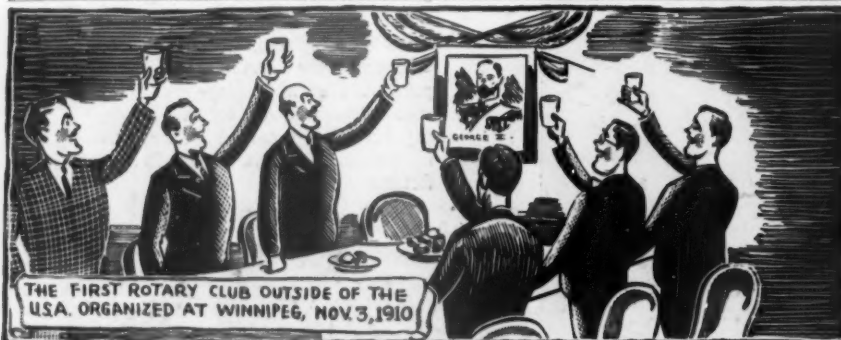
PETOSKEY, MICH.—Out where a main highway ribbons over a hill just before it enters the city, the Rotary Club of Petoskey has bought a piece of scenic land where it will erect a monument. The plot will be granted to the State for beautification.

Etiquette in Reverse

WAUPUN, WIS.—That salesmen should wine and dine prospective buyers is a custom immemorial and one not wholly without virtue. But the Rotary Club of Waupun pleasantly reversed that convention recently when it entertained 25 commercial travelers, from whom its members buy regularly, at a golf outing and Rotary dinner. Not only did the event promote friendship but also did it "prove to the salesmen that there is much more to Waupun than just hotels and stony-hearted customers."

Club Turns School Critic

HATTIESBURG, MISS.—As does many another Rotary Club, the Rotary Club of Hattiesburg lends money to college students. In fact, in 13 years it has made 116 such loans totaling \$9,150. But because it is also interested in discovering what sort of an education it is assisting young people to, the Club turns critic once a year and bids some well-informed school man describe the status of and trends in modern education. Lately, however, another such speech due, the Club heard the chairman of its Student Loan Fund Committee, Charles Ehlers, whose business is railroading, air his views on education. His theme: too many modern youths are not receiving proper training at the knees of devout mothers and across the knees of determined fathers. For whatever laxity may exist in today's generation of youth, he said, parents, through negligence and indifference, are largely responsible.



Rotarian Almanack 1936

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

—William Collins.

NOVEMBER

—the 11th month of the year, hath 30 days.



Sad feet soon will move among the graves, vast plains of them throughout the world, for but 18 years ago on the 11th day of this month the Great War came to an end. Well might the world look today to the causes of war if it would prevent another such calamity. Quietly, meanwhile, Rotary spans the seas, striving to make men brothers by bringing them together on the common grounds of fellowship and profession.

—YE MAN WITH YE SCRATCHPAD.

- 1911, Rotary's first Official Directory, listing 27 Clubs, is published as a section in the first issue of the second volume of THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN, forerunner of THE ROTARIAN.
- 1—1936, Constitution and By-laws Committeemen of Rotary International will convene in Chicago, Ill.
- 2—1936, The Finance Committee of Rotary International will meet at Rotary's Secretariat in Chicago, Ill.
- 7—1936, Rotary's Executive Committee will convene in the Secretariat in Chicago, Ill.
- 8—1919, Argentina's first Rotary Club, Buenos Aires, is organized.
- 10—1927, Organization of Rotary District 67 (Norway) becomes effective.
- 12—1908, The first Rotary Club outside of Chicago, Ill., is organized at San Francisco.
- 15—1915, Rotary's 200th Club is organized at Columbus, Ga.
- 20—1922, The Rotary Club of Amsterdam, first in that nation, is organized.
- 21—1928, Organization of South Manchuria's first Rotary Club takes place at Dairen.
- 23—1921, The Rotary Club of St. John's, first in Newfoundland, is organized.
- 28—1927, Paraguay's first Rotary Club is organized at Asunción.
- 30—1921, The Rotary Club of Copenhagen, Denmark, first in that land, is organized.



Use Rotary in My Business?

The article, Use Rotary in My Business? by Chesley R. Perry, Secretary of Rotary International, in the August ROTARIAN, continues to be the subject of spirited discussion among Rotarians. Below are several representative comments on the article.—THE EDITORS.

'Ideals in Badge Box . . .'

Secretary Ches. Perry's article, *Use Rotary in My Business*, in the August ROTARIAN, certainly hits the nail on its well-known head. These days, when the business spread is thin, there is a tendency to overemphasize "Get" and lend little or no importance to "Give." Lessons learned in Rotary should not be cast into the badge box at the close of every meeting; we should carry these ideals into our own industry by making a close scrutiny of the many evils that are passed off by the trite phrase "Trade Practice."

I agree with Rotarian Frank P. Manly that this article should be reprinted in pamphlet form and made available not only to Rotarians, but to other captains of industry not coming under the direct influence of our international organization.

EDWARD L. HICKEY, Rotarian.
Classification: Photo-Engraving

Chicago, Illinois.

'What Am I Doing . . .?'

The Vocational Service Committee recommends that all Shanghai Rotarians read the article *Use Rotary in My Business* appearing in the August issue of THE ROTARIAN, and when doing so, ask themselves: "What is being done in my business that ought not be done?" Going further, what am I doing to correct the situation? Perhaps your competitor is as dissatisfied with these irregular practices as you, and if approached would be only too willing to co-operate toward their correction.

Anyhow, read the article.

—From THE PAGODA
Official Organ of the Rotary Club of
Shanghai, China.

'Matter Enough'

In an article in the August ROTARIAN, Secretary Ches. Perry puts two questions which show up at once the essential simplicity of Vocational Service (not the *doing* of it, of course, but the understanding of it) and which—to use a terse and convenient Americanism—"debunk" completely those who still complain, "We don't know what it means."

These two questions are: "What is being done in my business that ought not to be done?"—and "What things ought we to be doing which we are not doing?"

There are not many business and professional men who would not make the general confession that they do do those things which they ought not to do, and do leave undone those things which they ought to be doing.

But these things, they well know, can be again subdivided into those the doing or not doing of which depend upon themselves in their own individual vocation or business and those the doing or not doing of which depend upon either the control of their employers or shareholders or the custom of their vocation.

The distinction is very important. It is highly probable that the great majority of Rotarians are already far nearer to a 100 percent accomplishment of all that lies within their own individual control in their Vocational Service than of that

part of it which lies beyond. Too often a man is prevented from doing that which he feels he ought to do, or is compelled to go on doing that which he feels he ought not simply because of circumstances which are beyond his personal control. When he feels that his Vocational Service has either thus to fall short of its potentialities or to cease altogether through his bankruptcy or discharge, he is liable to prefer *laissez faire* to martyrdom.

He is not, however, entitled to take much unction to his soul unless—and this is the point of importance—he knows that he is doing all that in him lies, as an individual and in company with other individuals like-minded, to carry the battle of Vocational Service beyond his own individual concern into the domain of his trade or profession as a whole. Here is where the emphasis is placed on active membership of trade and professional associations.

But, one way or another, can anyone deny that in those two questions propounded by Secretary Perry there is, as our "Vocational Service" pamphlet puts it, matter enough "to serve him for a life-time of Vocational Service"?

—From THE ROTARY WHEEL,
Official Monthly Newspaper of Rotary
International: Association for Great
Britain and Ireland.



French Line MEANS FRANCE ALL THE WAY TO NICE

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• Spacious, airy cabins . . . English-speaking stewards . . . superb food (wine included without charge at all meals). . . By rail, Nice is just overnight from Le Havre with a stop-over in Paris. Or take your car (American licenses are good in France) and enjoy a leisurely drive through the fascinating French provinces on your way to the convention and back.

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College Athletics Overemphasized?

YES! Says Warren Piper

[Continued from page 11]

stake, the need for winning teams is imperative, and the competition for players is keener every year. Eligibility rules, now strictly enforced by most faculties, make it impossible for the "dumb-bell" athlete of former years either to get in or get by. Those days are pretty well gone. But the fact remains that a star athlete on any prominent prep or high-school team can in one way or another get his expenses cleared in almost any college or university, provided he is a fair student. Sometimes they give him a college job, and sometimes a fraternity chapter underwrites the expense, but usually some enthusiastic alumnus foots the bill in the form of a "loan," it being understood, of course, that the boy's ability to play good football has nothing to do with the alum's interest in him! Some of the kids even believe that, so subtle is the system.

So long as we bury our heads and pretend this does not exist on a large scale, it will continue to go on, not in any sense to the shame of the boy who needs assistance and who is forced to accept the compromise. The real shame is to the system of hypocrisy that makes this practice necessary when it could so easily be made honest, clean, and straightforward.

Technically, every one of the athletic boys who are helped through college is a simon-pure amateur, yet actually most of them are professionals, forced to live a lie because of our absurd respect for the ancient interpretation of amateurism in a game that has become an outright commercial industry. In the name of football amateurism there has been built a monumental sham of hypocrisy, falsehoods, and misrepresentation.

How much better it would be if we faced the honest fact that every player and substitute on every college football team should be entitled as an amateur to receive an athletic scholarship, giving him his tuition, and living expenses, open and aboveboard, as a matter of course, in the spirit of fairplay. A simple change of interpretation could put this in effect for the benefit of everyone concerned, including the general public. It would be a blessing to hundreds of poor boys, and if the athlete from a wealthy home did not want to accept the scholarship to which his team membership entitled him, he could have the beautiful privilege of awarding it to someone who needed it.

Why not? We give such scholarships to boys of superior mental attainments,

and we consider it as an honor to the recipient. If a man is a spiritual leader, whether priest, minister, rabbi, or Y. M. C. A. secretary, he is paid a salary as a matter of course. If the intellectual leader and the spiritual leader are entitled to compensation, how can we in fairness discriminate against the physical leader? If there were 10,000 athletic college scholarships available in this land, would it not become a national inspiration and raise the physical standards of millions of growing boys in the hope of becoming a recipient? Is it better to spend the profits of 40-million-dollar gates building stadia than building men?

But think of the honor, they say, the honor! It should be an honor to wear the football uniform of dear old Siwash, and to fight for her fair name.

"Ever to you, old rose and blue, we will be true! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Certainly, if Siwash were playing the game for honor, but it happens that Siwash is now playing the game for money. Her share of 40 million bucks, to be exact; and that's real money! The *Chicago Tribune* gave the proceeds of the All-Star game to charity, but did you ever know of Siwash doing so?

And while we're talking about honor, it is still, in some quarters, considered an honor to serve these more-or-less United States as Congressman or Senator or even as a member of the Supreme Court, but there is no record of any of those patriotic gentlemen refusing to accept their salary checks. It is also an honor to be President of the United States, but none of the incumbents of that high office has ever turned down the \$75,000 a year that goes with the honor, to say nothing of free residence and battleship escorts for fishing trips. And, still speaking of honor, it is supposed to be very much of an honor to be president of dear old Siwash itself, but did you ever hear of a college president refusing his salary?

After all, I'm not asking salaries for the boys who play college football. All I ask is their educational expenses, open and aboveboard, including tuition, room and board, and an adequate insurance policy to cover the occasional injury that is bound to occur. That seems very little to ask out of 40 million dollars.

They probably won't get it, because they are too self-conscious to demand it. After all, they're only young kids, and their natural idealism has been carefully

promoted for the benefit of the system by the same gentlemen who built the gate up to 40 millions. The athletic directors will get salaries, the coaches will get theirs, and the trainers and the business managers and the rest of the crew will all cut in, but the boys who play the game, and carry the ball, and take the beating will not get anything in the open, and not very much on the side. Because the 40-million-dollar system says that they are amateurs, whatever that may be. And some of them really are!

Do you know what they *will* get for piling up that 40 million a year in a game that is not commercial at all, but just good, clean fun? I'll tell you, because I know all about that. Years ago, when my jewelry factory was small and struggling—as if it's not now!—I used to make those miniature footballs that generous athletic departments give to their teams at football banquets, provided they win enough games. That's what they'll get, with a fruit cocktail, a filet mignon, overdone, and a great big cheer! A cute little football to dangle on their watch chains. If they're lucky the balls will be made of gold, but don't think they're solid, because they're just empty shells, as the boys find out when they try to "hock" them later. It used to be pretty hard to get athletic directors to go that far. Most of them preferred to buy balls made of brass or silver, plated to give a gold effect.

Yes, sir, it's a great game, football, and a democratic game, too. Every boy in college ought to play it. Teaches manliness, sportsmanship, fairplay, courage, and discipline. You know what I mean—the Greeks, and all that!

* * *

P. S. Excerpts from *Time*, September 14, 1936.
 "... Yale football games this Autumn will be broadcast by Atlantic Refining Co. which had paid \$20,000 for the privilege ... Atlantic Refining also signed up Temple, Duke, Virginia, Cornell, Holy Cross, Franklin and Marshall, hoped to get more. ... University of Michigan signed with Kellogg Co. (corn flakes). ... Associated Oil Co. has broadcast Pacific Coast Conference football for ten seasons. Preparing for its eleventh it will pay about \$100,000 for around 100 games. ..."

Author's suggestion for new Alma Mater hymns:

*We hail thy name,
 We sing thy fame
 Teach us to learn
 But not to toil,
 Our teams shall fight
 With all their might
 "For God, for Country,"
 And for Oil,
 Give us this day
 For Heaven's sakes
 Some even breaks
 For old Corn Flakes.
 YEA TEAM!
 Fight! Fight! Fight!*

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College Athletics Overemphasized?

NO! Says Elmer Layden

[Continued from page 13]

Knute Rockne — "Rock" to thousands; Fielding "Hurry-up" Yost and Harry Kipke at Michigan; "Grand Old Man" A. A. Stagg, formerly of Chicago — and the list could run on and on.

Mind you, I do not for one moment condone exploitation of athletes or athletics by a university—but viewing organized sports broadly, I cannot consider that phase of any more importance than the bite of a flea compared to the personal and the national good which results from participation in sports and large-scale enjoyment of them.

Consider sportsmanship. Rockne, in an article in this magazine (November, 1930), put it this way: "Sportsmanship is simply a corollary of the Golden Rule. You want to play your best; hence, you take no advantage that will prevent the other fellow from doing the same. You respect him, as you want him to respect you. You give and take on a fifty-fifty basis. You play the game. And when it is over, there are no whines nor excuses. You both have done your best."

He went on to tell of an actual incident. A Notre Dame player had an injured muscle in his side. A trainer from the rival of the day, Army, offered him a protective appliance. Just before the kickoff, the Army man who was to play opposite him came up and said: "They tell me you have a sore spot. Where is it?"

The Notre Dame man showed him.

"Did the opposing player take advantage of his information?" Rock goes on. "He did not. Our chap played 45 minutes, and his sore spot was never touched. We need such sportsmanship everywhere and every day. We need it because there are ill-tempered men and women in homes and offices. We need it because there are road hogs on the highways and political meddlers in public positions."

Organized athletics make for such sportsmanship, backed by the incentive of competitive rivalry and youthful hero-worship. I have noticed that whenever a youngster meets some star of the gridiron, diamond, basketball floor, or cinder-path, the boy emerges the winner. For I have never known an athlete of prominence who was not unfailingly kindly, sympathetic, and understanding of "kids."

The moment a boy enters into athletics he finds that unfairness or bad attitude quickly brings the scorn of his fellow players. I'm not optimistic enough to believe that everyone who engages in

sports emerges with the Golden Rule etched in his brain, but enough do to make this a better world.

I suspect my point is quite clear by now: namely that assaults on the promotion of sports, however sincere, are misguided, in view of the tremendous influence of organized sport toward making a healthier people; toward development of principles of fairplay and sportsmanship which are embodied in any sport worthy of the name, whether it be marbles, horseshoes, or the Olympics.

Furthermore, I should like to suggest that many of the targets of the critics of organized athletics are due not to too much organization, but to not enough. Some youngsters should not play football because of weak hearts or other physical shortcomings. In a school where athletics are properly organized, medical examinations discover those boys, and they are told to take moderate or no exercise. Occasionally a coach will overplay a weakened player with unfortunate results, but is the system more to be condemned than that particular coach's judgment? I think not. As coaching is better organized—becomes a science, so to speak—coaches will have a working knowledge of medicine as well as of the strategy of their games, and counsel their charges more wisely.

Intramural athletics are fine, because they extend the benefits of sports to many who could not make the varsity squads. But let not the critic forget that they are a part of organized athletics. Here again, I would say that instead of athletics being overemphasized, they are underemphasized. Let's have more intraschool sports, classes competing with classes, fraternities against fraternities, and so on. But because the base of the athletic system is broadened, there's no reason why it should not taper to a pyramid at the top.

Of course, athletics take the time of participants. In some cases, hours spent on the field or on trips may interfere with studies. But many a story could be told of the fine response given by youngsters to the challenge this presents. I have seen players cultivate concentration which enables them to study while travelling on the train—and have contrasted it with the attitude of the "campus lizards" who loll about and waste their hours. A Boston newspaper recently conducted a series of articles on former athletes who have "made good" in busi-



Coach Elmer Layden, shown at the right, instructs a fullback, Don Elser, on some of the fine points of carrying the pigskin down the field. Coach Layden is a successor to the widely beloved Notre Dame coach, Knute Rockne.

which develops self-reliance, fairness, and the competitive spirit, if a boy has the basic strength of character for the development of those characteristics. Frequently, the contacts, the coaching, and the training a youth receives actually rub out defects in his viewpoint and attitude toward his fellow humans.

Even so, while I feel that a boy should play football primarily for fun, there are many cases in which the game operates to his material benefit.

Years ago, in East Chicago, a boy

ness and professional careers; perhaps that is the ultimate answer to those who say overemphasis on athletics produces underemphasis on "things that count."

There are those who decry "All-American" or "All-Star" selections. But naming an "All" team merely throws the spotlight on sport, and gives impetus to the growing belief that participation in athletics as a player or as a spectator tends to keep one young-minded. Any All-Star selection is really nothing but the opinion of one man or a group of men that a certain player or certain players are outstanding.

And what is that? Nothing except the very human tendency to set the stamp of approval on quality. Is it wrong to strive to excel? Then what of stamp collectors who try to qualify for select groups? The explorer who endeavors to go farther north or farther south than anyone else ever did? The doctor who carries on research hoping to be honored by his medical society?

On football, because it is the most popular of all organized collegiate sports, falls the brunt of the critics' attack. But football needs no defense, so far as I am concerned. I played it and have made it my life's work. It's a grand old sport that brings out and develops a man's stamina, courage, and intelligence (the latter more than some who never played it allow). But if collegiate football needed a defense, the simplest would be to say that it helps to "pay the freight" for a half dozen other major college sports and at most of the larger colleges foots the bill for intramural athletics.

Nevertheless, I am not one who would advise a college youth to play football for any reason other than the enjoyment he may receive from it. It is a game

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named Joe Kopcha dreamed of the day when he would be a physician. The path to that goal is long and rocky for a boy without adequate financial backing. Joe worked his way through Chattanooga University and played football. When he left Chattanooga, the long years of medical school and internship still confronted him. To finance himself, he played football with the Chicago Bears, played it so well that he was chosen as guard on the All-National League team.

Ultimately he crossed the once-distant goal line. Today he is Dr. Joseph Kopcha, a full-fledged physician. If unswerving determination counts as heavily in the medical profession as it does in other lines, young Dr. Joe will go far.

There are lots of "Dr. Joe's" on every rung of the ladder. One may be punting the pigskin in the vacant lot down your street right now. Maybe he is without proper equipment or supervision—the victim not of overemphasis but of underemphasis. Given equipment and supervision that will prevent his overdoing and overstraining, he will come through.

What is needed is more *intelligent* emphasis—the sort that comes from interested business and professional men such

as read this magazine. If it is overemphasis that has brought our sports to where they are today, then let's have more of it, for it has supplied the motivation for many boys to go through high school who might have never gone beyond the grades. It has caused high-school graduates to continue their educational careers. It has sent thousands of high-grade young college men out to teach the ideal of clean sportsmanship to the boys under their charge. It has sent thousands of young men, disciplined by training, into business and the professional world.

Rockne summed it up when he said:

"A man who can be a gentleman on a football field can be a gentleman anywhere—and what is more to the point, will. If I had my way, I would teach young men of all countries to reach for a football instead of a hand grenade. . . . What is most needed in business and politics, national or international, is more sportsmanship. The most encouraging thing on the horizon is the developing spirit of fairplay among young men. Our fathers didn't know of international sports on the scale we do. The movement is growing. That is why I am an optimist."

Prophecy at Amana

[Continued from page 21]

ager hired from outside, several classes of stock, dividends (if earned)—all of the accouterments of a capitalistic business. But with one vast difference: The community *is* the corporation—and while one must work if he would eat, the work is so ably distributed that even in the severest periods of depression, everyone in Amana who needed a job to keep eating and living comfortably got it through the spreading of available work.

This corporation took over all property within the community. To every adult member of the community "Prior Distributive Shares" were issued. This is a nonaccumulative, dividend-paying (if earned) stock. It was issued to everyone who had worked after attaining a majority, in proportion to the time he or she had given to the community.

A second type of share was the "A Common." One share only was issued to each adult member of the old Amana Society. This is the *only* voting stock. Anyone who wishes to sell his A Common must offer it first, at par, to the Board of Directors. This stock elects the Directors; they elect their officers and hire the business manager, who is the only one among the corporation's officers who comes from outside Amana.

Private property has become an institution in Amana. By agreement, Prior Distributive Shares can be turned in to "buy" homes in which families had lived for generations. Today they say with pride, "we own our home." Before, the houses were owned by the Society, though actually families kept possession.

Smaller industries have been similarly sold to watchmakers, shoemakers, and harness makers. Apiaries owned by the corporation have been leased on shares to stockholders; so have orchards and truck gardens.

The corporation kept control of the farm land, the mills, the packing plant that produces wood-smoked hams, and other larger projects requiring more than a one-man operating force. In turn, the corporation hires its stockholders to operate these projects. He who eats must work, in this new Amana. And if ambition spurs, he may acquire property, dividend-paying stock in the corporation, or any like rewards his labor or ability may secure.

The 200 "outsider" field hands were discharged; there were more than enough Amana men asking for those jobs. There are no hired men left in the famous woolen mills; that is, none from "out-

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side." But all get paid in proportion to the work they perform. Just in one item of farm labor hired from outside, the saving is more than \$60,000 per season.

Under the old order, food was supplied to the community kitchen. Under the new, each family has its own food to look out for—and to pay for.

It is reported that another benefit, not forecast, has arrived. Some who grew fat under the older system have suddenly regained a youthful leanness—and were paid while taking the treatment.

If anyone "crabs," someone turns on him and says, "Say, brother, *we're* the corporation—so don't kick yourself. Let's go!"

Just off the old store at Amana is the business nerve-center. It is very modern and efficient. One suspects, after watching the purposeful activity, that a higher ratio of work per motion is put through here than in ordinary corporations. Amana as a business corporation is out to sell its pure-wool blankets, its fine suitings, its famous bread, and its hickory-wood-smoked hams—and is losing no time in doing it.

Old Amana blazed trails; new Amana is keeping right on blazing them. In the past, Amana went through a complete cycle of communistic life, and it failed—not because of war, depression, or other outward forces, but because of human nature. It should have succeeded materially above all other times when depression hit. The community was almost self-sustaining, and could have faced the world and lived comfortably within its own little sphere. But solidarity was not there; human nature was.

Along the new trails that Amana is blazing are the examples of subsistence homesteading proved by the old system, re-proved by the new and a combination of mill-village-and-farm, owned by the workers who enjoy profits from their labors in proportion to how diligently and how successfully they labor. Throughout the depression there were no breadlines in Amana; work was parceled out fairly, and there was enough so no person felt want.

From the chaos of our economic debacle, from their own crack-up under communism, these fine people have come marching with an example of how to live, and carry on. Probably few of the 1,800 people in this new, virile Amana realize the potential significance of examples they have set up. But if the very busy and harassed world will take time to stop, look, and ponder, something may be learned—perhaps much. No theory confronts those who look on Amana and her accomplishments; the whole story is there in things done, goals achieved.

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Helps for the Club Program Makers

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* * *

THIRD WEEK (NOVEMBER)—Privileges and Obligations of a Rotarian (Club Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—
 Cooperate But Don't Duplicate. Albert S. Adams. This issue, page 47.
 "We Have with Us Tonight—" Dale Carnegie. This issue, page 35.
 Once I Was President. Jesse Rainsford Sprague. June, 1936.
 "Good Old Wednesday." (A Rotarian Parson's Reverie). Mar., 1935.
 Psychology of Fellowship. A. O. Squire. Sept., 1935.
 Ankle Deep Isn't Enough. Dwight Marvin. Mar., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
 Privileges and Obligations of the Rotarian, No. 305.
 The Rotary Wheel Program. No. 259.
 Now You Are a Rotarian. Address by Felipe Silva. See Atlantic City Convention Proceedings.

Books—
 Basic Principles of Speech. Lew Sarett and W. T. Foster. Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y. C. 1936. \$2.50.

FIFTH WEEK (NOVEMBER)—The Spirit of All Rotary as Exemplified by Fair Trade Practices (Vocational Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—
 Personal Personnel Problems. Farnsworth Crowder. This issue, page 42.
 Outwitting the Unemployment Cycle. C. Canby Balderston. Oct., 1936.
 Use Rotary in My Business? Chesley R. Perry. Aug., 1936. (See also letters of comment in Sept. and Oct., 1936, issues.)
 Can Business Run Itself? (debate). Hugh S. Johnson and John W. O'Leary. July, 1936.
 Is My Competitor My Enemy? (debate). Yes! says Charles S. Ryckman. No! says William R. Yendall. May, 1936.
 Whither Voluntary Codes? John T. Flynn. Jan., 1936.
 Post-Depression Progress in Business Ethics. John T. Flynn. Jan., 1935.
 Sell Service, Not Goods. Sir Herbert Austin. Oct., 1935.
 You and Those You Hire. Norman Haggood. Nov., 1935.

Other Magazines—
 One Code Still Waves: Coat and Suit Industry Celebrates First Year of Voluntary Regulation. Business Week. June 27, 1936.
 On the Labor Front: Will Business Maintain the Codes? New Republic. July 3, 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 Credit for Consumers. LeBaron R. Foster. Public Affairs Committee Pamphlet. No. 5. National Press Building, Washington, D. C., 10 cents.
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
 The Spirit of Rotary as Exemplified by Fair Trade Practices, No. 517.
 Rotary and the Development of Standards, No. 505.

Books—
 Your Work Abilities. A. W. Rahn. Harper, N. Y. C., \$1.75.

FIRST WEEK (DECEMBER)—Monetary Stabilization and International Trade (International Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—
 World Trade Awaits Stable Money. Sir Arthur Salter. July, 1936.
 What of the Gold Standard? (symposium). F. H. Fentener van Vlissingen, C. H. Douglas, E. W. Kemmerer. Apr., 1935.
 Atlas Is Restless. (editorial). Apr., 1935.
 Can the Dollar Be Managed? William Trufant Foster. Jan., 1934.
 Some ABC's of Modern Money. Irving Fisher. Oct., 1934.

Other Magazines—
 The Attainment and Maintenance of World Peace. Annals of the American Academy. July, 1936.
 Consequences of Inflation. E. W. Kemmerer. American Mercury. July, 1936.
 Inflation Upside Down. R. D. Skinner. Atlantic. July, 1936.
 Stabilization and Recovery. A. Salter. Foreign Affairs. Oct., 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 The United States Silver Policy. John Parke Young. Foreign Policy Association. 8 W. 40th St., N. Y. C., 25 cents.
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
 Monetary Stabilization and International Trade, No. 715.
 Watch for current articles on devaluation of franc, guilder, etc.

Books—
 Tomorrow's Money. Frank A. Vanderlip. Reynal and Hitchcock, N. Y. C., \$2.00.
 Current Monetary Issues. Leo Pasvolksky. Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C. 1933. \$1.50.

SECOND WEEK (DECEMBER)—Crippled Children (Community Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—
 The Patches of Sir Galahad. Agnes Mary Cooper. This issue, page 38.
 In the Shadows of Crippledom. Margaret S. Watts. Apr., 1936.
 In Spite of Handicaps. John C. Faries. Jan., 1936.
 Little Limbs Made Straight. Milton L. Brown. June, 1934.
 How Sorry? (editorial). Mar., 1933.
 "I'm a Regular Guy Now." George E. Berthelon. Sept., 1932.
 See also Rotary Around the World department in all recent issues.

Other Magazines—
 My Son—Handicapped? Saturday Evening Post. Sept. 19, 1936.
 Common Sense About Infantile Paralysis. Janet Mabie. Scribner's. Aug., 1936.
 What Is a Crippled Child? Survey. M. C. Jarret. June, 1936.
 Crippled Child. P. W. Geissler. Hygeia. Nov., 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
 Crippled Children, No. 637 a.

Other Suggestions for Club Programs

WHAT WARS COST

From THE ROTARIAN—
 The Ledger of Mars. Henry Morton Robinson. This issue, page 6.
 Who Should Make War Munitions? (debate). Viscount Cecil and Pertinax. Aug., 1934.
 Peace—at a Price. (editorial comment giving statistics). May, 1936.
 Still the World's Great Illusion. Sir Norman Angell. June, 1934.
 Is War Inevitable? (debate). Yes, by B. W. Lewis. No, by Martin Zielonka. Aug., 1934.
 Three Viewpoints on International Debts. A French View of War Debts, by Lucien Romier. A British View of War Debts, by Sir Ernest Simon. An American View of War Debts, by David Lawrence. Mar., 1933.

Other Magazines—
 Too Late for World Peace? Nathaniel Peffer. Harper's. June, 1936.
 Munitions Committee Reports. New Republic. July 1, 1936.
 White Man's Wars. W. F. Sparendam. Review of Reviews. July, 1936.
 Life Takes a Holiday. A Study of War and Dis-ease. F. C. Hanighen. Forum. Aug., 1935.
 What War Does to Business. Business Week. Oct. 26, 1935.
 Keeping Out of War. E. M. Lynskey. Commonwealth. Oct. 11, 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—
 War Drums and Peace Plans. R. L. Buell and R. A. Goslin. Foreign Policy Association. 8 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

The Common Menace of Economic and Military Armaments. William E. Rappard. Cobden-Sanderson, 1936. 1 Montague Street, London. 1 shilling.
 Now It Can Be Told. National Council for Prevention of War. 532 Seventh St., N. W., Washington, D. C. 10 cents.
 From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
 War, Peace and Recovery as Viewed by Rotarians in Various Countries, No. 716.
 Eight Rotarians Talk About War, No. 777.

ATHLETICS OVEREMPHASIZED?

From THE ROTARIAN—
 College Athletics Overemphasized? (debate-of-the-month). Yes! by Warren Piper. No! by Elmer Layden. This issue, pages 10 and 12.
 Footballs or Hand Grenades? Knute K. Rockne. Nov., 1930.

Other Magazines—
 Football: Hope of American Education. Left Wing. Nation. Nov. 27, 1935.
 Will the Football Bubble Burst? C. Gauss. Saturday Evening Post. Sept. 14, 1935.
 Football Payroll. Time. Oct. 21, 1935.

Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

Aviculture, the rearing and care of birds in captivity, is the hobby of Rotarian Leon Patrick, of Orange, Calif., who takes issue with this definition. "The amiable art of aviculture," he says, "is more than that. It is . . . the only procedure whereby certain beautiful and economically valuable birds now nearing extinction can be saved for posterity." John H. Trickey here brightly discusses Birdman Patrick and his rare hobby.

When a dynamic disciple of Asclepiades, in the very plenitude of his powers, admittedly begins to ward off "nervous prostration between 60 and 70" through the pursuit of aviculture as a hobby—look out! A certain incurable naïveté and a touching solicitude for our feathered remnant can cause that hobby to become an obsession, the avocation to become the vocation.

Such, at any rate, has nearly been the fate of Leon Patrick, a physician whose hobby is birds. He knows birds from mandible to uropygium, and is playing an important part in saving certain species from total extinction. To his friends and acquaintances, devoted for so many years to the man as a physician, his eminence in conservation work is usually regarded as a mere freak of chance. But the doctor's success as an aviculturist is *not* an accident. Throughout his life he has studied the conditions and needs of birds as he has studied his professional problems, that is—*thoroughly*.

From his earliest days he was taught that birds are useful—a gift of God for protection from insect pests on fruits and crops, a gift of grace in their beauty and music, creatures to be rigidly protected. The topography of his youthful orbit comprised hills, creeks, woods, and the creatures which frequent them—where doing as one likes is not a mere possibility, but an inherent right. The most impressionable years of his life were thus thrown open to nature's picturesque beauty and his soul was permanently molded in sympathy with bird life.

Having had ample opportunity to observe the unrestrained destruction of bird life and to record the passing of several beautiful species—such as the wild passenger pigeon—which were once considered inexhaustible, his boyhood flair for birds quite naturally evolved into a man's virile determination to save the remaining species for future generations to enjoy.

From a modest start, or experiment, with but two species that were nearing extinction, the doctor has assembled a breeding stock of some 20-odd species. Among them is the Norfolk Island Parrakeet, a beautiful bird about the size of a dove. It is already extinct on its own island, rats having eaten the eggs and young in the nest. Rotarian Patrick is specializing in perpetuating them in captivity or semi-captivity.

Lamentably numerous are the species that are rapidly becoming nothing but memories in the United States and Canada. The passenger pigeon, to mention it again, is one of them. Eighty years ago, birds of this species used to migrate in such numbers that a passing flock would literally darken the sun for a half day at a given point. Not one passenger pigeon remains alive today.

Of the thousands of trumpeter swans, largest of North American waterfowl, that used to nest



*A finger-tame
Derbyan Parra-
keet bred by Ro-
tarian Patrick.*



on the great sloughs of the northwestern parts of the United States, but a few scattered pairs and one small flock remain. The once plentiful heath hen, eastern cousin of the prairie chicken, is now extinct.

Big birds vanish as easily as small birds. Of the California condors, which epitomize graceful flight, one cannot count more than 20 today. The whooping cranes that once covered the marsh lands of Iowa, the Dakotas, and parts of Canada, are nearly gone.

The white-tailed kite, which has been described as a gentle little hawk and as a valuable destroyer of insects, has almost completely vanished. His kind used to be numerous in Florida and other Southern states. Today you can find him only in Mexico and in isolated valleys in California.

Rotarian Patrick was the first to advocate aviculture as a practical medium of conservation. His supremely placid but equally courageous and unceasing fight for the birds has placed him among the really worth-while and justly notable aviculturists (not a crowded class, believe me!). He is the only American citizen to have received the medal of the French "Société Nationale d'Acclimatation Ornithologie." He is one of the founders of the Avicultural Society of America and is an accepted authority on its field.

To sit leisurely and watch birds is delightful enough in itself; but to know that you have been of material assistance in saving rare species for your own delectation and that of posterity, is an enduring satisfaction that can be had in no other way. Rotarian Leon Patrick has that satisfaction and none deserves it more.

The Field

*Is your hobby moody? Has it strange tem-
pers? You may find through writing to one of
the following—if you are a Rotarian or a mem-
ber of a Rotarian's family—that your hobby trots
off on similar tangents wherever it is ridden.*

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niture), 129 Lake St., Penn Yan, N. Y.

Books: Dr. Irving S. Cutter (collects early books
on medicine and surgery), 435 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Horticulture: Peter P. Minkich (will exchange seeds
and bulbs with Rotarians anywhere), 10 Taku Road,
Tientsin, China.

Philately: Charles W. Clarke (collects covers from
all cities having Rotary Clubs), 600 S. Main St., Fair-
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Photo: (right) Bachrach

Left to Right: Contributors Sethi, Sheldon, Layden, Piper, Robinson.

Chats on Contributors

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON, *The Ledger of Mars*, may, as he says, be but "a child of the last century . . . just a pressed flower of the '90's" (he was born just two years before the *fin de siècle*) but his writings protest that he loves no century more than the 20th, that with Reason, not Sentimentality, lies his heart. From gunner's mate in the U. S. Navy to professor of *belles lettres* at Columbia College, New York, he leaped leisurely. Seven years ago he took a trip to Woodstock, N. Y., and just simply stayed there. A constant and high-grade grist of magazine articles (see *The Female and the Specie*, *THE ROTARIAN*, October, 1936), verse, and books flows from his mill, among the latter *Stout Cortez*, a biography of the Spanish conquistador, and *Science Versus Crime*. . . . Of Great Britain's Liberal Parliamentary Party Sir **Herbert Samuel**, No. 10

Photo: Acme



Sir Herbert

Downing Street, London, who has been an "M. P." (Member of Parliament) almost continuously since 1920, is the leader. He was Secretary of State for Home Affairs in 1931-32. *ROTARIAN* readers will recall his *The Pageantry of Parliament*, May, 1935. . . . The world's best-selling book (if you exclude the Bible which always heads the list) is *In His Steps* which, since its first printing in 1899, has sold 8 million copies. Its theme is religious. It has been translated into at least 36 languages. Its author, who realized almost nothing on it, is **Charles M. Sheldon**, *Poverty Doesn't Frighten Me*. To Author Sheldon, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Topeka, Kans., has recently come a signal honor. His name and a record of his achievement are to be graven into the Walk of Fame which Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., is building. A stone taken from Central Church, which he founded in Topeka, will bear the inscription and will shoulder the stones of the world's most renowned benefactors. Once editor-in-chief of *Christian Herald*, he has been contributing editor since 1925.

Rotarian Warren Piper, who, to the question of the debate-of-the-month, *College Athletics Overemphasized?* responds with an unequivocal Yes!, knows his colleges. For five years he "lugged a big grip into every fraternity house in America, selling fraternity jewelry to get enough capital to enter the diamond importing business in Chicago." He participated in *THE ROTARIAN*'s symposium on *Too Many Going to College?* last Fall. . . . **Rotarian Elmer Layden**, who rises to say No! to the debated question, is director of athletics at Notre

Dame University, South Bend, Ind., is a graduate and former athlete of that institution. . . . The career of **Arthur H. Carhart**, *Prophecy at Amana*, has undergone frequent metamorphoses. Following the War he was in charge of 23 million acres of recreational development land in the U. S. Forest Service, later becoming a member of a firm of landscape architects in Denver, Colo. Since 1932, however, he has been writing. To his credit are 500 magazine articles and several novels. . . . An *Indian Romance* can happen before your very eyes if you live in Amritsar, India. In fact the one which **Rotarian G. R. Sethi** writes about happened verily there, where he is Associated Press head, before his.

In New York, Philadelphia, Washington, London, and Paris you will find businessmen who remember **Dale Carnegie**, *"We Have with Us Tonight"*. For to professional and university clubs in those and many other cities he has lectured on effective speaking and applied psychology. Lincolnia research is one of his specialties. He lives at Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y. . . . **Albert S. Adams** (deceased), *Coöperate But Don't Duplicate*, was President of Rotary International in 1919-1920. A long line of Rotary service, which started with his joining the Rotary Club of Atlanta, Ga., as a charter member, preceded his election to the highest office in Rotary. He had been President of the Atlanta Club, International Sergeant-at-Arms, Vice-President of Rotary International in 1918-1919. . . . **Agnes Mary Cooper**, *The Patches of Sir Galahad*, writes from the heart when she writes about crippled children. She herself is an invalid, and writing is the only sort of work open to her. Winnipeg, Man., Canada, is her home. . . .

Courtesy, The De Inator



"Billy" L. Phelps

Farnsworth Crowder, a free-lance writer who lives on a one-acre ranch in California, cultivates fruit and flowers, a son, and luxuriant literary growths, this (*Personal Personnel Problems*) being the fourth he has plucked for *THE ROTARIAN*. He writes for many "quality" magazines. . . . **William Lyon Phelps**, *Prepare Now for Travel*, an at-least-annual contributor to *THE ROTARIAN*, has a considerable name in contemporary American letters. He recently resigned as Lamson Professor of English at Yale, a position he held for 32 years. His magazine articles and books that run the gamut of subjects are literally too numerous to mention. He is a member of the Rotary Club of New Haven, Conn. . . . **Strickland Gillilan**, *Reformation at One Stroke*, is an American humorist, lecturer, and author whose name is familiar to readers of *THE ROTARIAN*. . . . **Karl K. Krueger**, who describes the course of *Ducks Beltward Bound*, is a member of the staff of *THE ROTARIAN*.

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Our Readers' Open Forum

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The Route of Appeasement

I was interested to read the debate between H. G. Wells and Arthur Sweetser in the September issue of THE ROTARIAN magazine. I did not seem to think that the two presentations were quite so at variance or quite so contradictory in their conclusions as some of your readers did. We have to remember that each one of the two debaters starts off from a diametrically different standpoint. Each one has his ideal of what the League should be. And from that ideal point of view, each one may be justified in his conclusions.

Photo: Acme.



T. W. Lamont

Mr. H. G. Wells, whom I have heard many times discourse along these same lines, harks back to the ideal which he and other eminent British gentlemen had in mind for a League of Nations in the years 1915-16-17, in the midst of the war.

They were working at that time, not on any piece of mechanics for the prevention of war, such as the League Covenant was finally deemed to be when it was adopted, but rather for the kind of cooperation among the leading nations of the world that would eliminate the conditions which frequently lead up to war. It was a grandiose, nay, even a grand conception—Utopian, if you like, but suggestive and something worth striving for. But to the ordinary mortal, accomplishment would have to be measured in terms not of decades, but of generations.

This little British group, when they decided that their all-comprehensive ideal had been boiled down at Paris in 1919 to a question of peace machinery, felt that that was a thing quite foreign to their minds and natures, and they were little, if at all, interested. From that time on, they followed the fortunes of the League with little, if any, confidence. They had not lost all interest, but their feet were very cold. I remember meeting Mr. Wells in Geneva in 1924, during the time of the Assembly meeting, and he was anything but enthusiastic.

Now that that particular machinery which was set up has failed to function with anything like the completeness for which its builders hoped, Mr. Wells and his associates are neither surprised nor disillusioned. They simply say in effect, "We told you so." Therefore I do not take as much exception as many do to Mr. Wells' present opinion of the League. Starting out with what he thought a true league should be, he could hardly have arrived at any other conclusion than he did about the workings of this particular League.

On the other hand, my friend, Arthur Sweetser, has presented an admirable case for the retention and upbuilding of the League today. What if it has failed to function in important particulars where it was expected or at least hoped that it would work? This is a workaday world in which we must fain be satisfied with something less than 100 percent accomplishment. So I agree with Mr. Sweetser in thinking that the present League, considering the handicaps under which it has labored, has done just as well as could be expected.

I remember only too well—because I was at Paris throughout the Peace Conference—that the

structure of the Covenant was built on the idea and belief that all the great nations would participate in it—Germany not immediately, but soon, and Russia, too, as soon as it gained a stable government. Now the world has developed so that this basic idea has had to go out of the window. America never adhered to the League. Japan and Germany resigned. Italy would have none of its decisions and fought back tooth and nail against sanctions. Russia was far removed and not effective. So of the seven great nations of the earth, only two, Great Britain and France, were left in 1935 and 1936 to attempt to carry out the coercive measures of Article XVI against another major power. It is not surprising that they failed. It would have been extraordinary if they had succeeded.

So, as I say, I can well understand the nature of Mr. Wells' disappointment, as expressed in his article; and at the same time I agree with Mr. Sweetser in believing that the League is an enormously valuable instrument and that it should be supported and strengthened. But I am frank to add that I am against attempts at coercing major powers unless you are prepared to go the whole hog and undertake war against them. I am against boycotts, penalties, and sanctions, and I believe that unless the world can find methods of appeasement, rather than coercion, there is no way to prevent conflict.

Finally, I am sanguine enough to believe that the world is even now working along the route of appeasement.

THOMAS W. LAMONT

New York City, Oct. 2, 1936.

Students Enjoy REVISTA ROTARIA

Many thanks for REVISTA ROTARIA* (subscription contributed by the Toledo Rotary Club). The professor of Spanish informs me that his students read it eagerly and are looking forward to continuing to make such delightful contacts with Spain and Mexico through the medium of the native Spanish.

EDWARD J. EGGL
Director of Library

De Sales College, Toledo, Ohio

* The Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN. Subscription price: \$1.25 per year.—ED.

Birth of American Red Cross

I was very much interested in Channing Pollock's reference to the birth of the American Red Cross in his article entitled *The Long Pull*, in the October issue of THE ROTARIAN.

In all probability Mr. Pollock is right concerning the insertion of a notice in the *Worcester Spy* by Clara Barton, but according to my history and experience the Red Cross was started some little time before that event. In 1904, I think, I heard Clara Barton tell the history of how she came to be interested in the formation of the Red Cross, which was about as follows:

"I was one of the young girls in the Sunday school of the old Universalist Church and one Sunday morning our minister, Hosea Ballou, made an appeal to the young women to become



Clara Barton



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POOR SANTA!

HE NEEDS HELP. HE'S WORRIED ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, BILL, ... GOOD FELLOW, ... BUT HE HAS EVERYTHING, EXCEPT 'THE ROTARIAN', ... NON-ROTARIANS LIKE THIS MAGAZINE, ... ESPECIALLY BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN, CLUB WOMEN, AND COLLEGE STUDENTS, ... JUST FILL OUT THE INSERTED POSTAL CARD AND DROP IT IN THE MAIL BOX, ... OR, IF YOU PREFER, SEND THE CHECK (\$1.50 U.S. AND CANADA) NOW TO 'THE ROTARIAN', ... 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. AN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARD WILL BE SENT TO "FRIEND BILL"

missionaries of relief for the suffering soldiers and I then and there responded and from that day to this my whole heart has been in the American Red Cross."

Thus was the Red Cross started in the soul of a woman, just as all great movements have been started in some human soul before any of the actual work takes place. Miss Barton was in Washington after that and carried on her efforts for the relief of the soldiers from that point . . . "Fiat justitia ruat caelum."

ROBERT D. VAN TASSEL
Juvenile Court Judge

Orlando, Florida

Cliques Strangle Acquaintance

At various times THE ROTARIAN has presented the subject of "Conversation" at the weekly luncheon. It needs to be added that conversation, or rather the ACQUAINTANCE which it implies, is not only desirable, but a matter of life and death to Rotary.

Acquaintance is not just a "phase" of Rotary, like Boys Work or the Code of Ethics; it is Rotary. Stoppage of acquaintance would form a clot on the brain of Rotary.

Permanent table groups or cliques strangle acquaintance. "Bankers' Tables," "Church Tables," "Youth Movement Tables," are like barnacles on a ship's plates. Rotary without acquaintance is as futile as a tea-taster without his tongue or a library without books.

Rotary has nothing tangible but a button rack and a gavel. Its whole stock in trade is an idea. That idea is acquaintance. That's why men join. If they do not get acquainted, they are deprived of their birthright as Rotarians. The Rotarians who herd together do the depriving. That's why so many are unhappy. . . .

Cliques are as hard to eradicate as diseased tonsils. Therefore, THE ROTARIAN could perform no greater service than to call for suggestions to cope with this universal affliction. . . .

Also, can't we have a reprint of an article in March, 1936, ROTARIAN on Conversation—Not a Lost Art Here, by John T. Bartlett, and a previous one on Open Up, Oyster! in the June, 1934, issue, by Frank A. McAllister.

S. EDWARD ROSE, Rotarian

Classification: Wholesale Hardware
Elmira, New York

Diesel Was a French Citizen

In your October issue the writer happened to see an article about Mr. Diesel being a German. This is incorrect. He was born in Paris. While he lived considerably in Germany, he never gave up his French citizenship.

M. NASH

Chicago, Illinois

The article referred to noted that Dr. Rudolf Diesel was born in Paris in 1858, lived in Germany, died tragically in 1913.—Ed.

'Herr Diesel Started It'

I am writing to present a modest protest against our Club Magazine carrying such propagandizing articles as that of Mr. C. L. Cummins, president of the Cummins Engine Company, which appears in the recent October issue. Furthermore, to allow him, by using comparisons, to attack not only other engines but other industries, seems to be indefensible. I call attention to the following paragraph (*italics mine*) which appears on page 29:

"When freight rates in California were abruptly cut in half a while back, the gasoline-engined trucking companies went broke by the score. The truckers using Diesels continued making money, and [Continued on page 60]